RAVING RAIDERS SPEC!

FLIP
teen magazine

DEC. IND 35¢

ALL ABOUT THE MONKES!

MEET THE ROBBS!

TROGGS STONES LOVES AND HATES!

NEW! FROM LONDON POP FASHION KOLUMN! BY THE BEATLES' DESIGNER

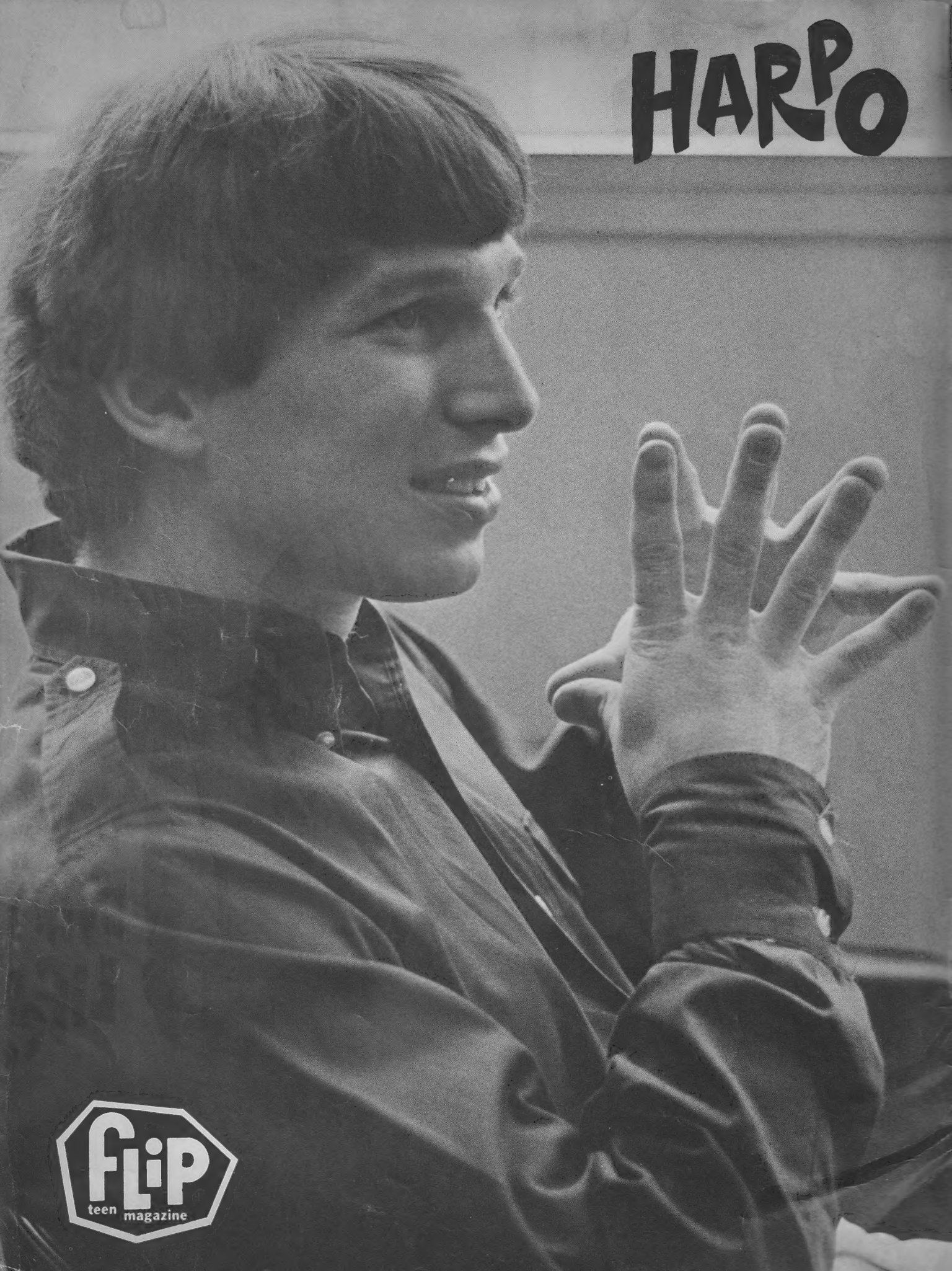
THE "NEW" JOHN L.

DRAKE LEVIN'S LIFE!

"WHY I WORRY ABOUT JEREMY!" BY CHAD

UP TO THE MINUTE! ACTION ADDRESSES!

KINKS HERMITS CYRKLE KEITH YARDBIRDS A...


HARPO
FLiP
teen magazine

ARE YOU READY?
IT'S ALL INSIDE!
HUGE PIN-UP OF HARPO!
MYSTERY MONSTER CONTEST
RAVING ROBBS FLIP OUT! HERE! FIRST!
"WHY I WORRY ABOUT JEREMY!" BY CHAD
EXCLUSIVE! "MY 6 WILD, WONDERFUL WEEKS WITH HERMAN!"
INSIDE ACTION KIDS COLUMN! BY MIKE W.
"MY THOUGHTS ABOUT YOU" BY MARK!
PLUS FORTY FAB FEATURES!

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Do you think most people are honest? Yes ..... No ..... Reasons .....
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DECEMBER 1966

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FLIP FLAP

Every afternoon, when the phones have stopped ringing and the typewriters have stopped clacking, I walk over to the day's mail and read every single letter which is addressed to FLIP FLAP. I've found that that's the greatest way to make sure that I don't overlook a single letter or a postcard.

While I read every letter, I find that it's impossible to answer everyone. But I hope that the most interesting ones find their way into this kicky column—which you *write for FLIP!*

So, if you have anything to say, please say it—and send it to: FLIP FLAP, Box 425, New York, N.Y. 10021. You have my personal promise that what you write will be read!

I think The Beatles are the greatest, no matter what anyone says! People are trying to ban The Beatles. People sometimes forget that everone is entitled to their own opinion!

Jeff Hewitt
Portage, Indiana

BAN THE BEATLES from FLIP forever! Help us show The Beatles that U.S. teens can live without them easily. Also, we fans have minds of our own and don't have to accept idols who make cynical and uncouth statements about a subject as personal as religion. Money and position don't give John the right to think they are better than God. Why should we honor John if he doesn't appreciate us?

Ann Marie L.
Worcester, Mass.

Thank you for having Chris Montez in FLIP! I knew I could depend on FLIP to be the first with the best—you always are! Please print more about Chris in the greatest magazine from here to Pluto! Would you believe Mars? Well, would you believe on earth!

Linda Justice
Spartanburg, S.C.

My name is Harriet Laney and I feel as though I'm the only girl named Harriet. I sure would appreciate it if someone named Harriet would write me a letter so I wouldn't feel so l-o-n-e-l-y. Thank you!

Harriet Laney
Box 5302, N.I.
Denton, Texas 76201

I got backstage to give Herman a huge Texas-shaped cookie. Seeing those stuffy dressing rooms made me realize how awful it must be to go from plane to hotel to auditorium and back again. I think all true fans should unite and do everything we possibly can to free our stars form the fear of being torn apart by well meaning (?) fans anytime they make an effort to see what our country is really like. If you're interested in starting the Hermits' Emancipation Program, please give me your support and ideas. If you enclosed a stamped, self-addressed letter, I'll answer yours and give you a progress report.

Suzanne Doak
Box 21
Rockwall, Texas 75087

Lots of people seem to have something against The Knickerbockers because of Buddy! I want to put my two cents worth in about Buddy. I saw The Knicks when they were in Atlanta and next to Beau, Buddy was about the cutest one! He wore his hair in a Beatle, and it made him look a world better! He's not as fat as people think he is! Let's show The Knicks that they're great and give them all-out support when you see them—including Buddy.

Raydell Barr
Macon, Georgia

Elvis is so square you can cut your fingers on the edges! He's going out and there's no way to stop it. I think he's old-fashioned and I'm sure most FLIPers will agree with me.

FLIPer
Joiner, Arkansas

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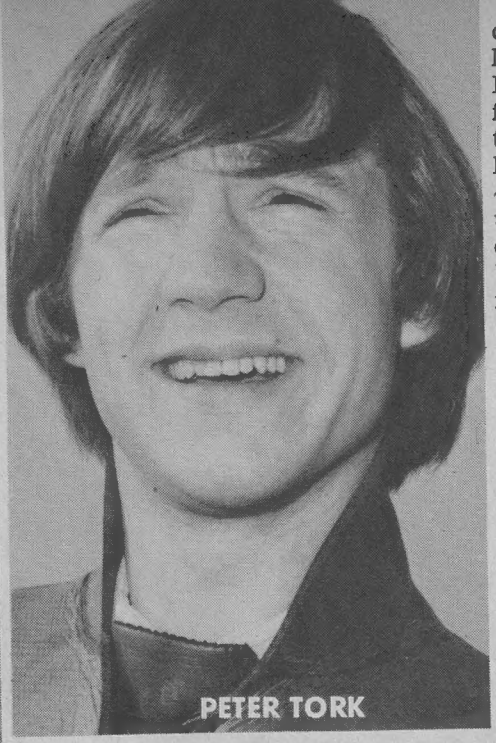
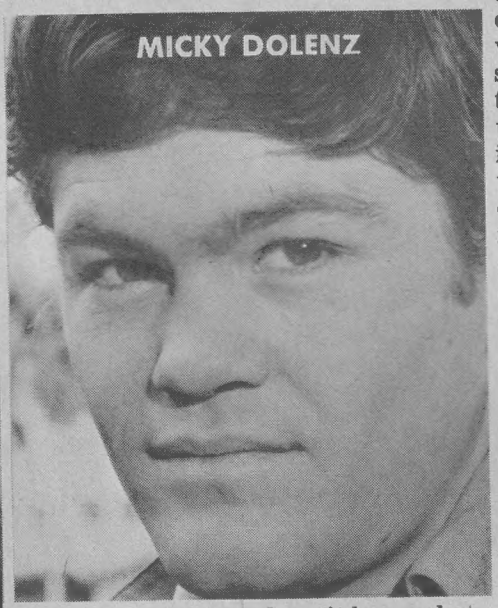
all about the monkees!

The Monkees are a month old now—and getting madder by the minute!

But Peter, Micky, David and "Wool Hat" aren't mad at all. They are four of the quietest, calmest pop people in the world. They're so cool, as a matter of fact, that they took out a bundle of time in the middle of





some last-minute frantic filming to flip-out! With the scoops starting in this issue, and the spec surprise they've saved for us, FLIP becomes The Monkees' favorite teen magazine!

Peter Tork, whose dad is a college professor, told us that following in his father's footsteps was kind of ended when a couple of college deans in two different parts of the country suggested that he become a drop-out! He still doesn't know what they had against a red-haired, freckle-faced banjo player! After his first try, Pete worked in a thread mill and after his second (and final) attempt, Pete wandered down to New York's groovy Greenwich Village.

In the village, Pete became a folk-singer in a coffee house which was a "pass-the-hat-house." No salary, but whatever the crowds would drop into his (large) hat. After a couple of months of this beggar's life, he joined The Phoenix Singers for a six-months tour, which took him to California—where, within two months, he became a Monkee! Which, Pete cheerfully says, is a heck of a lot more fun than being an English professor!

If you ever catch The Monkees breaking up offstage, look for Micky Dolenz. The reason they're laughing is probably that Micky is making terrible faces and doing dreadful (but hilarious) imitations! Micky's the only Monkee who's already a TV star. At the age of ten, Micky picked up the starring role in "Circus Boy," which played for a couple of successful seasons. His dad, by the way, is also an actor—and starred as "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Micky learned to play the drums for the show, and he's already become one of the classiest thumpers in Hollywood. He can also twang a guitar and sing up a storm. But Micky's also prepared for those days when he might find the show business road blocked off. He's studying architecture to make sure that he'll always have a roof over his head—even if he has to build it himself!

David Jones is the smallest Monkee. At 5-3, David looks more like a jockey than a favorite of disk jockeys. Which is exactly what he started out to become. Born in Manchester, England, David hoped to become a raving rider. But after exercising horses for several of those miserable raw and rainy English mornings, David gave up his ambitions. "It looked easier than it was," he says. But while he left the horses, he had made friends with some of their owners—who also happened to be theatrical executives.

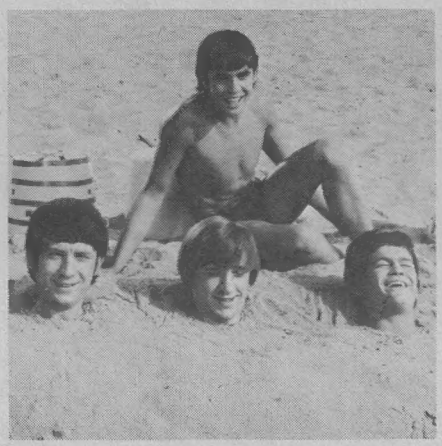
That got him the key role in "Oliver," a winning role in "Pickwick," and a movie contract in the U.S. Now that he's as far away from nasty British weather as possible, David is delighted that he came in out of the rain to become a star. And, what's more, he doesn't want to grow up!

Like Zal's sombrero and Felix's cap, Mike Nesmith wouldn't trade his wool hat for a season of TV ratings bigger than "Bonanza!" Which explains why he's called "Wool Hat" Nesmith!

Mike's the only Texan in the group: "Mike and John and Bill!"

When Mike left his hometown of San Antonio to work in a Los Angeles folk club, he didn't expect to become as successful as he became. Then, when he spotted an ad for "a folk-oriented-rock-n-roll singer," he tried for the part as a lark. And became Monkee!

(Look for more Monkees business in the next issue of fab FLIP!)



THE MONKEES

"what i dream about!"

By Phil "FANG" Volk

Here is a dream I had the other night: I was sitting in an orange grove eating pieces of cold turkey and an apple which I had placed in my pocket the night before in case I found myself stranded.

And I was stranded because the bus carrying us from Sacramento to Salinas, California, had gone stray somewhere near the orange-grove. I had been with the other Raiders sitting patiently for the driver to study his map which was one of those old rustic affairs printed on a varnished block of wood.

After an hour or two we were becoming restless and

Paul had decided to set off on foot for a nearby village where he knew he could sell some books of matches bearing photographs of himself.

He packed a bundle of matches in a small satchel and placing a rope around Smitty's waist, he had led him off with him as a safeguard against hostile villagers for he had learned that if you are accompanied by a roped slave, noone will attack you.

Smitty merely smiled, for he knew that Revere was rarely wrong—that is what Revere always told him—and off the two of them had stumbled.

Jim Valley—"Harpo" to his mother and fans—was asleep in the bus and Mark was reading the life of Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, so I could see no future in sitting around.

Thus it was that I meandered off into the orange grove and sat myself down to eat my turkey. I wondered where to go next and what to do when I saw Roger Hart, our manager, swing from a tree dressed in a gorilla suit. "Hi Roger" I said readily for I knew it was him. He had strapped to his back a big notice stating "Dick Clark is Our Saviour" and only one man carries that notice.

"Have we been introduced?" asked Roger, and I replied "No" "Then where are your manners?" inquired Hart. "You are very impertinant."

"Thank you" I said hesitantly. "Here is my ID." And I handed him a plastic tooth which I place in my mouth for performances.

"Why can't you behave like a normal person," said Hart from within the gorilla head, which made me very angry.

"I took up a stick and smashed him across the legs so violently that he fell with a thud into a bear-pit which (I forgot to mention,) I had been digging before eating my turkey.

With a scream, Hart dissolved into a fine dust and Mark Lindsay appeared wrapped entirely in pages from the Life of Baden Powell followed by an army of matches all of them bearing the head of Paul Revere.

Smitty, roped to a German Shepherd, chased the matches into the bear pit where they, too, dissolved into a fine dust. Smitty followed them in and I then set fire to Mark Lindsay.

Which left only me.

I waved a wand and all the orange trees became people waving signs which read: "Fang for Ever," and using my wand as a guitar I entertained them for more than an hour as FANG the GREAT, thus achieving a life-long abmition to go solo and show the other Raiders I could do without them.

Alas, I was greatly booed and jeered at and I too decided to enter the bear-pit but instead of turning into a fine dust, I became a vaccum cleaner and ended up with each of the Raiders and Roger Hart inside me, which symbolically is how life is as an entertainer dependent on others.

Being tired with so much activity and very full with so many people inside me, I lay down and went to sleep and it was a great relief to wake up a few minutes later to find Revere standing over me with the whip which he always uses to rouse us on tour.

"Gosh Paul" I said. "I had a terrible dream."

"Oh," he said.

HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS!

WHO'S GOING TO CRY "U.N.C.L.E.?" —Now that the **MGM** Studios in Culver City (which is one of the many parts within Los Angeles) are filming both The Man and The Girl from U.N.C.L.E., there's more action there than any pop place in town! **STEFANIE POWERS** and **NOEL HARRISON,** the talented co-stars of "Girl," are driving the writers of the show mad by switching lines without telling them and changing the script in the middle of a scene! "We've got to find our own style," says Steffi, who's got to be the prettiest spy in the world. It seems to be working—as the show becomes a happy hit!

HOLLYWOOD HIP-FLIP-TIPS — Watch for **JOHN LEYTON,** of "Jericho!" He's going to be the next super-star out of Hollywood . . . **ELVIS** has a group he particularly digs: **THE ROBBS . . . SONNY & CHER** will probably be forced to sell their beautiful mountain-top home outside of Los Angeles just after they finished furnishing it . . . Why? . . . Too many fans didn't respect their privacy and tried to disturb them at all hours of the day . . . **CHRIS MONTEZ** credits his all-over-again star status to one man: **HERB ALPERT,** of "Tijuana Brass" fame, who also owns the record company Chris records for and helped Chris work out his special style . . . **JILL GIBSON,** the gorgeous new Mama, found it somewhat straining at **THE MAMA'S AND THE PA-PA'S** first recording session with her . . . Nothing personal, just that her beautiful voice wasn't used to such long, intense hours of pressure-packed singing . . . Now she's adjusted, and adds her own special quality to a very special group . . . **IAN WHITCOMB** is back in Hollywood, after an extended visit overseas, and he's raring to be back in action! . . . Fascinating group name: **EVER PRESENT FULLNESS** . . . They're for real, and you should be hearing from them . . . The most intense feud between pop radio stations is here in lively L.A. . . . The nice result is that Los Angeles and Southern California teens get the most complete pop music programming in the country.

TROUBLED TEEN TV SCENE—Now that **LLOYD THAXTON** has switched out of the pop music area to conduct a TV show for young housewives, there's even more troubled talk about the state of the teen TV picture. Only **THE MONKEES,** on NBC-TV, of all the new shows this season, specifically had the teen audience in mind. And lots of dance-type shows have been in trouble this year, also. The result is that there is a whole new approach to teen TV. It's incredible that teens are being neglected! **FLIP's** own **STEVE KAHN,** for one, is right in the middle of the battle for exciting TV shows for teens—and lots of happy surprises should be coming up soon!

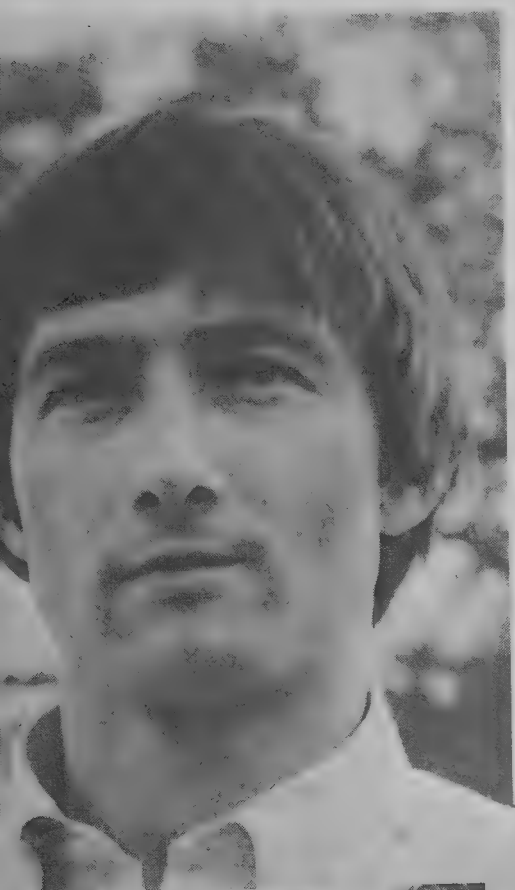
NEW NOTES FROM FAB FRIENDS—With **THE ASSOCIATION, SYNDICATE OF SOUND** and **LEAVES** adding their success to such groups as **THE BEACH BOYS** and **PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS,** the West Coast Sound is making a BIG noise again! **BYRDS, MAMAS & PAPAS,** and groups like that are establishing Los Angeles as America's answer to London! . . . Couldn't happen to a wilder city . . . Wonder if "Crash-On, Scream-On, Sing-On, All Fall Down!" is going to become the flippest new addition to our already flip language? . . . **DAVID McCALLUM** seems to be his old self again . . . **ROBERT VAUGHN** still serious about becoming a politician . . . **NOEL HARRISON** already looking past his new hit series to see a future of directing and perhaps producing films.

That's the Hollywood Happenings this month. Next issue, on sale November 10th, will have more super-scoops! Hope you'll make it!

catch a swinging star!

**Gogogog

HOW CRISPIAN ST. PETERS BECAME A STAR!



Crispian St. Peters' first dubious claim to fame in Britain was that he openly declared he did not like the Beatles stage act nor was he particularly enamoured with their music.

"I think it's rubbish," he told reporters happily and added for good measure, "I move about and do something for my money—they just stand still."

Off rushed the reporters to file their stories about this new hit parader (at that time it was "You Were On My Mind") and the following day another reporter would ask Crispian about the same subject.

"Beatles—they're great," declared Crispian, "I love everything they do."

This rather startling state of affairs continued for some time until it was realized that Crispian was receiving more than his fair share of publicity and giving conflicting reports. In the end Crispian owned up about his image of the outspoken controversial contradiction.

"It was all a publicity stunt," he admitted. "I enjoy Beatles music as much as anyone else but then you see I am like everyone else and that doesn't get you publicity.

"We hit on this idea of me slating all the established artists and so I had a go at Elvis, Sinatra, the Stones—you name 'em I slated them. It worked great—I got press where no one knew there was press. Then the next day I would say just the opposite.

"The truth of the matter is that the only thing I feel strongly about is that if you really did dislike a person or their music you should be able to say so—even if you are an artist but there are certain sacred cows you must not criticize.

"If I were Robin Peter Smith of Kent, which I am, and not Crispian St. Peters pop star—no one would mind if I spoke what I thought. I like freedom of speech and I love people like the Stones who go around debunking authority and cutting the red tape."

Crispian is a twenty three year old six footer from Swanley who attended a Secondary School until he was 16 where he became a lead guitarist with a local group.

On leaving school Crispian drifted from one job to another, trying his hand as cinema projectionist and a metal polisher. His evenings were mostly occupied by playing and singing with a group he formed himself called "The Forumula Three."

"I wasn't doing much of anything when I saw an advertisement in a musical trade paper for singers to apply for auditions with a view to recording," said Crispian. "That was where I met David Nicholson."

Formerly a press officer in EMI records, David had a well developed ear for talent when he heard it and immeditately signed Crispian to a recording contract. Perhaps it was not surprising that another ex-EMI press officer, Andy Wickham, now with the Mamas and Papas should send David the demo disc of "You Were On My Mind." It was also Andy who recommended "Pied Piper" to David and Crispian.

"Pied Piper was a natural hit number," says Crispian, "I'm staggered someone else had not snapped it up before me."

He no longer needs to be outrageous to be publicized—the CSP is here to stay.

I LoVe mY haT . . . aNd 19 oTHer ThiNGs!

BY ZAL (OF THE SPOOMFUL)

I love my hat

I love bean sprouts

I love hot mustard

I love "Murgan"

I love Steven's black hood

I love Martha

I love pea green

I love John Lennon

I love distortion

I love loud noises in general

I love fire trucks

I love television (better than anybody)

I love epic films

I love the "Maltese Falcon"

I love driving crazy with Steven

I still love the Beatles

I love automatic and electric hoists

I love food and B.T.B.

I love T.C.P.

I love Rock n' Roll

"WHAT IT TAKES TO

"What it takes to be the boss Raider" ran the headline through my blond brain since the hair grew inwards and mainly took over. Courage, said my modest wit, and greed too, added my bump of caution. Maybe arrogance and lust for power, said my smiling eyes as I leered at my reflection in the mirror and saw none for I was looking in the wrong mirror.

My memory added: fear of Fang is what it takes to be a King Top Raider, for I remember the day he beat me cruelly across the face with a sockful of brown feathers from a pet lion he kept in a disused raincoat.

My common sense tells me I'm boss Raider because I'm more intelligent than all the others and because I'm more handsome than they are and nicer too. The fan mail I get (I had four letters last week: thanks to Frank, Harvey, Patrick and "Get Lost") invariably tells me I'm the lousiest of all the Raiders but I merely smile to my inner-being and count the matchbooks from all the Howard Johnsons (I've got eighteen; another four and I'll beat Roger Hart's Holiday Inns).

You see I was conditioned against insults by an old aunt of mine back in Jakarta where I used to break stones and use the pieces for souvenirs (I used to paint them with glue and put pieces of wool and broken nails on them and call them Mountain Magic. I sold eight in all at a dime each which made me enough to fly home; economy.)

This old aunt used to say: "Chang, my boy. (That was her name for me) my darling Chag (that was another name she had for me) dear little Shang (*that* was a misprint) you will learn as you get older," she would say, nodding her old head so that I could see the raven roots to her blond hair, "that people are not kind. They will abuse you for your countless faults, pick up on your weaknesses—and they are many—they will notice that you are ugly and nasty and sometimes smelly. They will make sly remarks about your misshapen face and delight in drawing attention to your considerable stupidity."

I would listen to my aunt with vast admiration and

BE THE BOSS RAIDER !"

By Paul Revere

For His Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

warmth, bordering on hate. "It's wonderful having such an aunt," I said. "Your conditioning is so much a part of growing up in a loving family."

"Exactly!" she used to reply, using a word from her own far-off childhood.

"This is my advice. Take no notice of the mockers and the sneerers. You will know that what they say is true and you will meet it bravely and resolve to live with your terrible inadequacies. Don't ever change. Be steadfast."

Do you, now, understand something of how I came to be a leader of Raiders, settled and confident in my bossmanship. I was prepared for it . . . that is the point.

You may think all this has been slightly exaggerated. You may be right, up to a point.

What I have been meaning to say is that I am boss Raider, because *someone* has to be in charge; otherwise the group wouldn't happen. It is *me,* because I started the group and the other Raiders came later. It is me because I enjoy leading, building the group, mamaging much of the business side, working up the act, planning the future, ironing out the problems shoulder to shoulder-bone with fleshless Roger Hart, our manager, without whom *I* couldn't happen. It is me because I'm old Paul with the glamorous Raiders.

If I didn't *enjoy* the way the group is, then the group wouldn't *be* the way it is. I think it's great the way the Raider followers spotted Mark's huge appeal and made him into the biggest teen idol in America. I think it's exciting the way Phil "Fang" has developed into a close competitor for fan-honors. I dig the way the hippies caught on to Smitty's dry, groovey humor. I admired Harpo's charm and smiling courage when he went out on stage and grappled with the ghost of Drank and won through to the hearts of fans who, though still loyal to Drake's National-Guard-en forced subtraction from the group, were open-minded enough to give Harpo a chance.

I live for the welfare of the group. I hope it sometimes shows.

You'll have the nicest dreams—and the most raving scoops—when you subscribe to FLIP!

And you'll get them two weeks ahead of the rest of the world!

All it takes if four dollars and the flip-clip coupon on this page.

Why wait?

(Keith didn't!)

DREAM ALONG WITH KEITH AND ALL THE ACTION CROWD!

SEND TO: SUBSCRIPTIONS, FLIP MAGAZINE, 1010 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

I'd love to dream along with Keith! Here's my four dollars for a full year's subscription to FLIP—the fastest-growing pop teen magazine in the world!

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

(You MUST Include Your ZIP Code!)

EXCLUSIVE! the "new" john lennon!

This is the historic photograph of the moment John learned that he had passed his driving test!

With one interview which echoed around the world, John Lennon established himself as the most controversial pop performer in the world! Rumblings from that interview will probably be with John all his life!

Has John changed as a result?

The answer to that question has to be an honest "No!" unless you want to include the fact that he probabaly watches his words a little more carefully these days.

But if you want to know whether John has changed generally since he became a Beatle, then the answer has to be "Yes . . . kind of."

From the beginning, John was the boss Beatle. The reason this important job almost automatically fell to him is that Paul, George and Ringo each instinctively (and correctly) realized that John was the most mature Beatle.

He was then the only married Beatle, and already possessed a very satisfied and well-defined life. All the others, most especially George, were in successive stages of growing up, but John was already standing tall!

Then, as now, as if you had to be reminded, John was a sarcastic and cynical person—very intelligent, very sensitive and very devilishly witty. His outlook on things was very intense and very personal and very honest.

Conversations in the Lennon living room could—and often did—go on until the sun blinked at dawn. Now that they live in Weybridge in Surrey, these kind of conversations have become a little less frequent, but no less exciting and entertaining. John—as the world discovered—has a lot of strong opinions about many important and controversial subjects!

John is prouder of the fact that he is the successful published author of two unusual books than he is of the fact that he is a Beatle. The books have meaning to him, and, he hopes, to the readers. His songwriting, always with Paul, is another outlet he derives huge satisfaction from. It's amazing to realize that the same person could write "Yellow Submarine" and then switch on to "Eleanor Rigby!"

John's life will take on new meaning now as he becomes the first Beatle to break away to undertake a major project on his own. It is the kind of movie role he's always wanted, and it is the kind of move he hopes all The Beatles will make so that they all have individual strength as well as group power. Some of that comes through on their songs, with powerful individual performances sharing the spotlight with the others.

John's maturity, which he's always had, doesn't cover every part of his multi-sectioned life. Take cars, for instance. He has four of them—a Rolls, a Ferrari, a Mini, and a Volkswagon. The Ferrari is his favorite, the Volkswagon is Cynthia's the Mini is to scoot through London's

IN THE JANUARY FLIP—ON SALE NOVEMBER 10TH—RINGO RAVES OUT!

In Spain, John learns how to pour sherry wine from a venencia—a wine scoop.

traffic and the Rolls represents the fact that he is, in fact, a Beatle.

Once, when FLIP's Keith Altham asked him what had changed in his life since Beatlemania had infected the world, John answered: The fact that he couldn't ride buses any more, but that he really rather enjoyed that particular change!

Which is to say that John agrees with the general notion that the changes in him, those personal habits and feelings which make John Lennon different in 1966 than in 1963, have been quiet and unspectacular. The "new" John is really only an older being.

John told FLIP exclusively earlier this year that if being a Beatle was all he had to look forward to, then he was not looking forward to much. He hopes to be able to establish a "normal life," whatever that means to a Beatle, and begin to create in areas he hasn't even had time to think of.

After three fantastic years as the boss Beatle, he's going to start finding that time!

John and George talking to singer Adam Faith backstage of "Ready Steady Go," Britain's top teen TV show.

20 (unbelievable) answers from SMITTY!

QUESTION: WHY IS AN ELBOW SIMILAR TO AN EVENING IN ARKANSAS?

Answer: Because it's open to many interpretations. To an archer it might be one thing . . . to a butcher, it might be another. It all depends . . .

Q: WHEN WAS PAUL REVERE BORN?

A: When the sun was eclipsed by a flying crutch.

Q: HOW MUCH DOES A DITCH-DIGGER EARN IN A SHORT WEEK IF HE MAKES THREE DOLLARS AN HOUR PER DRY DITCH AND FOUR DOLLARS FOR A WATER-LOGGED GULLY (Give reasons for your answer.)

A: A ditch-digger earns twice as much, less eight pennies, as a transitory rat-catcher, except in the city of New York where most of the ditch-diggers have become rat-catchers for reasons which will be apparent to anyone who has been to New York City.

Q: WHY DO I SERVE PAUL REVERE SO LOYALLY?

A: Because . . . well . . . I suppose it's on account of . . .

Q: IS IT TRUE THAT NINE AND FIVE MAKE SEVEN?

A: Yes. And, alternatively, no.

Q: WHAT IS THE REASON FOR FANG'S NICKNAME 'PHILIP'?

A: His mother saw him when he was born and said disappointedly, "He's got no teeth. But I want badly to call him Fang. What do you think George?" she asked her husband who was standing by the bed making model airplanes. He didn't reply immediately because his name was not George, but William (?????) and then he remarked slowly, "Call him Fang, and we'll nickname him Philip for a joke. Both names stuck and so did the baby Volk when he climbed into his father's lunch pail.

Q: HOW MANY FRIENDS HAS SENATOR ROBERT KENNEDY?

A: Exactly 187.

Q: ARE YOU SURE?

A: No. It could be 178. Times change so rapidly.

Q: WHAT IS SO GREAT ABOUT MARK LINDSAY?

A: Charm, talent, robust good looks, intellectual magnificence, warmth, kindliness and star-quality.

Q: HOW DO YOU KNOW?

A: He was explaining to me last night.

Q: WHEN WILL IT ALL END?

A: When Harold Strangler, Mary Grind, Norman Pluke and Fred Paste are in conjunction and the moon is full over Anaheim.

Q: HOW DO YOU FEEL?

A: Very well, except for a metal plate in my skull, a throbbing ache in both legs, a sprained wrist, a severe heart condition, a high fever and two ulcers. Thank you for asking.

Q: WHERE WERE PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS FORMED?

A: In a small village eighteen miles from the Manchurian border. There were no main roads and you could only buy milk twice a month.

Q: DO YOU EVER FEEL ASHAMED?

A: Yes. When the authorities find me torturing small animals. But I get over it.

Q: IS THERE ANYTHING YOU DISLIKE?

A: People who open doors for you, offer to help you up from a chair, give you presents, compliment you. I make faces at them when their backs are turned and do them some harm when I get a chance.

Q: WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE PERSON?

A: Art Razz. Next to him, Il Trovatore, head of the Boise Mafia.

Q: IF YOU WEREN'T YOU, WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?

A: Jack Splattleib because he keeps his teeth in a cup all weekend and takes Polaroid pictures of himself grinning and sells them to Job Corps workers.

Q: WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE FOOD?

A: Paper, mostly. Sometimes I eat pieces of metal and plastic spoons. But you don't get much chance to eat on tour.

Q: WHEN WILL YOU BE PAROLED?

A: The doctor just smiles when I ask him.

Q: WHY?

A: Because he's an idiot. I spotted it the first time I saw him.

For His Action Address, Flip to Page 631

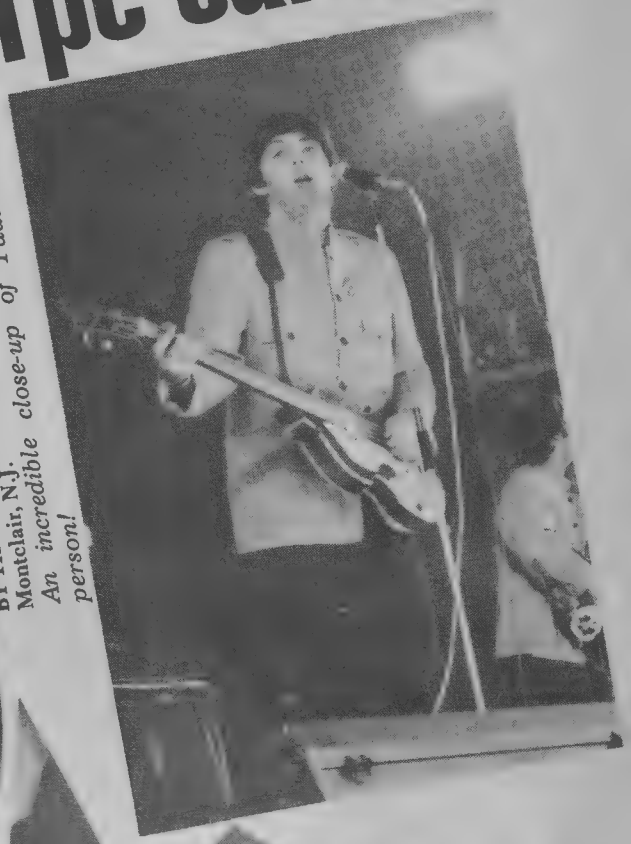
BY PHYLLIS CARNES
Haverhill, Mass.
A back-stage, policeman's view of The McCoys waiting to perform!

scrapbook scoops by candid fpc cameras!

BY EDWARD WATKINS
Newport, R.I.
Norma Tanega on stage a Newport's famous jazz festival last summer!

BY SUSAN SEARLES
Lombard, Ill.
Sue couldn't have gotten any closer to Lou Christie!

BY THERESE DEVLIN
Montclair, N.J.
An incredible close-up of Paul in person!



BY GAAL SHEPHERD
Atlanta, Ga.
Gaal becomes our first two-time winner with her candid close-up of Herman!

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BRUCE: THE "PERFECT" BEACH BOY!

DENNIS: THE MOST EXCITING B-BOY!

Certainly Dennis Wilson is a teen idol. He is, by now, used to it. But when the Beach Boys are not on tour, he sheds his image and becomes a day-to-day citizen and a true muscular son of California.

He really does surf, swim, race, hunt, fish and he hurls himself into countless other outdoor activities like bareback riding, raising otters, salvaging stray dogs and nursing injured birds to a full life.

On Sundays he drives a Cobra too fast for comfort, almost on the threshhold of pain and, now and again, beyond the bravest man's margin of safety.

There's nothing false about Dennis. He doesn't pretend to be anything more than a vital, alive, thrill-and-excitement-seeker.

There's more to him than that. He also sings very well. He is kind and gentle, unless he's put out, in which case he can become furniture-breaking angry. His dislike for insincerity is rarely masked, but with those he likes or doesn't suspect as double-faced, he is warm and loyal.

Passion and emotion and impulse rule the blond, gladiatorial middle Wilson. Dennis is not always easy to be with—his temper is sudden, swift and, he would admit, sometimes unreasonable.

He can be nervous and unable to sit calmly. Though not, in years, the youngest, he is treated as if he were. This, quite naturally, infuriates him. The other Beach Boys, especially Carl who is youngest, merely watch out of the corner of an eye and wait for the calm.

But like so many complex people, Dennis can pull out of a rampage with an engaging smile, a sexy wink and innocent eyes to charm and disarm his victims before they have had time to realize that they need charming and disarming.

Musically, he enjoys the Wilson flair for singing and he, too, has toyed with songwriting. He likes his work, though at long recording sessions he can be impatient for results. A wild and enthusiastic drummer, he seems born for this lonely, frenetic profession.

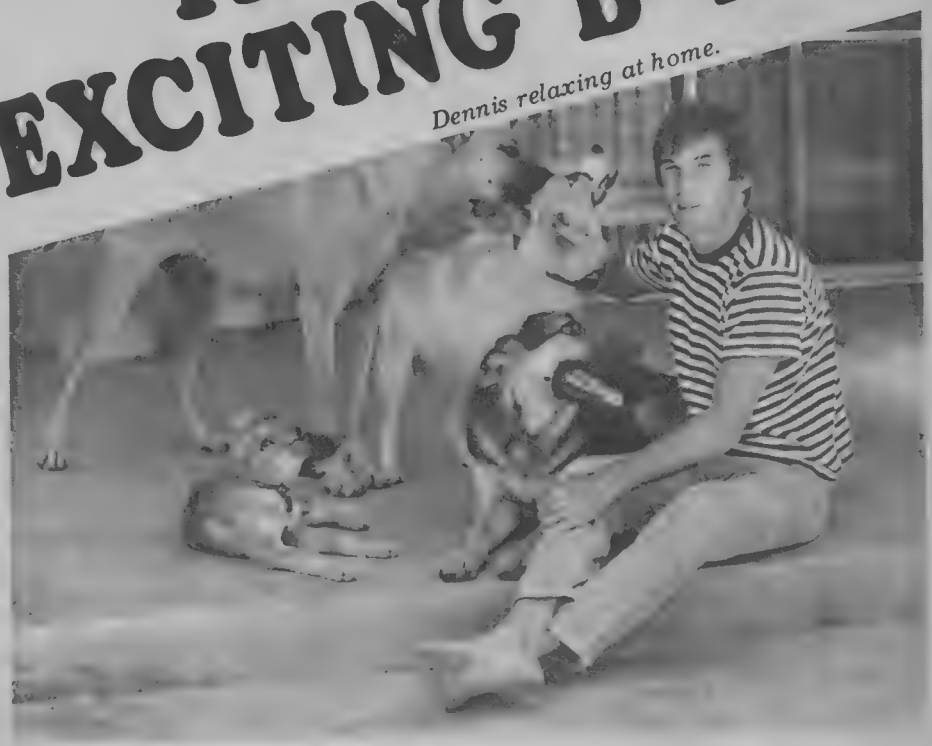
To his fans, Dennis is rarely a disappointment. His special warmth towards girls, all girls, is not a put-on—he likes to chat and to be admired and adored and he likes, equally, to reward his worshippers with the generosity of his own spirit.

No matter how tired or jaded he is, he will come from the dressing room, maybe after a cutting fifteen-minute exchange of remarks with the other Beach Boys, and he will stroll up to a girl, offer a large, warm, strong hand to shake, and utter the heart-melting words, "Hi honey, what's your name?" She steadies herself, tries to smile back, and keep herself from fainting.

Thus renewed and invigorated, Dennis will return to the dressing room, his dispute forgotten, and he may then tell Al how much he likes his new shirt or he may pat Carl on the back and helpfully, if blandly, fix a button on Bruce's shirt.

Dennis Wilson is many things. To be near him for 24 hours is to experience all of them.

For His Action Address, Flip to Page 63!



Dennis relaxing at home.

Dennis Wilson and one of his many animal friends.

"Hi, there! Didn't think anyone would find me out here!"

SEVEN "SECRET" SCOOPS ABOUT KEITH ALLISON!

1. He loves to cook—and is an expert chef!
2. He is very critical about his own appearance.
3. He relaxes by watering the trees in the garden of his new house.
4. He tries to visit his folks in Texas whenever he gets the chance.
5. He's a great practical joker! Just ask his sister, Cherri!
6. His favorite off-stage garb is comfortable, broken-in Levis!
7. Keith's pop passion is listening to records, hour after happy hour!

for His Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

"my 6 wild, wonderful weeks with the Hermits!"

BY BOB LEVINE
Their American Road Manager

Would you believe 41 buses, 250 station wagons, 175 limousines and 87 trucks?

Unbelievable figures (even to me, when I think about them, weeks after I made all the arrangements for them!)—but they are just part of the men, money and material it took to take Herman's Hermits to 42 cities in 46 exciting and energy-burning days!

As the group's American associate and road manager, I was with them for all 1104 hours of this historic tour!

And I'll be giving you all the surprise scoops in this and future issues of FLIP!

A lot of the work for the tour happens in the months before it even starts. While Peter, Lek, Barry, Keith and Karl were working in England and the Far East, we here in America were carefully working out the split-second schedules the boys would have to meet if they were to have a successful tour. With cables and cross-continental calls, all the tiny but important details got worked out.

The luckiest decision we made was to decide to charter our own plane for the tour—a converted Martin 202 which we called (are you ready?) "Herman's Hermits Plane." Whatever you called it, it saved our lives—and the tour! Because the tour came smack in the middle of the airlines strike—and we wouldn't have been able to get the show off the ground without that private plane!

Most of our flights went very smoothly—except for very early in the tour, when we had to make an unscheduled emergency landing in the middle of New Mexico! We were flying from Los Angeles to Denver when the oxygen supply began to fail and people started falling asleep and fainting all over the cabin. Eric Burdon of The Animals, who were on the tour with The Hermits, began to have an asthma attack, which can get very serious. One of "The Three-and-A-Half," another upcoming group, got seriously ill. So, we hastily emergency landed in Farmington, New Mexico, and got emergency treatment at the local hospital. Fortunately, it all worked out happily . . . but the scare still gives me the shakes when I think about it!

Most of the time, on the plane, you'd find Peter and Lek playing cards. Keith and Karl would probably be sleeping. And Barry would either be reading or sleeping. That's the way it went on almost every flight.

The boys received many, many gifts on the tour. I know they got over 400 cakes! And Keith received a wonderful present—an electric guitar. One of the gifts I can recall Peter receiving was an electric razor with all sorts of attachments, including one which made it a vibrator which he enjoyed using.

The longest day of the tour came when we played Chicago one afternoon, Milwaukee the same evening, then we flew all night to Atlantic City, arriving at 6 a.m., off to Philadelphia to do a "Mike Douglas Show," and back to Atlantic City to do four Sold-Out shows at The Steel Pier!

That day was so bad that at dinner that night I discovered Keith and Barry asleep at the dinner table—their forks clutched in their hands! They couldn't even make it through dinner.

But, with frantic fun, all of us made it through six weeks of success and surprises! I'll share many of those moments with you in the next issue of FLIP! I hope you'll look for it on November 10th!

Would you believe snow? Ice Cream? Cotton candy on a spoon?

For Their Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

Here's Bob going over the last-minute schedules with Peter.

KEITH ALTHAM

Our Man from U.N.ited K.ingdom L.ondon E.ngland

LONDON—Party of the Year given in London by composer **LIONEL BART** included: **PAUL McCARTNEY** and **JANE ASHER, GEORGE HARRISON** and **PATTIE,** the **DUKE OF BEDFORD, TONY NEWLEY, SHIRLEY BASSEY, DAVE DAVIES, GEORGE MARTIN, LULU, TOM SPRINGFIELD, CHRIS CURTIS, TWINKLE, CHRIS FARLOWE, ZOOT MONEY, DIANA DORS** and England's World Cup Football captain Bobby Moore . . . **DONOVAN'S** film company doing work on the **LOVIN' SPOONFUL** and the **MAMAS AND PAPAS** . . . **RINGO'S** building firm carrying out alterations on the houses of **JOHN LENNON** and **PAUL McCARTNEY** . . . **JONATHAN KING** wrote in British musical paper that the **TROGGS** records appeal to "the lowest common denominator" . . . **PETE QUAIFE** maybe out of **KINKS** for good following injuries sustained in car accident? . . . **THE WHO** are something straight out of science fiction on stage—at Windsor Blues Festival they finished up with smoke bombs and dry ice . . . Cavern Club re-opened after 9 months by Prime Minister Harold Wilson with **DAVE DEE, BEAKY, MICK AND TICH** for company! . . . **JONATHAN KING'S** next single about a pest killer . . . **LEN BARRY** a kind of conversational Mrs. Miller! . . . Rumours linking Walker Brother **SCOTT ENGEL** with a Sinatra project . . . **TROGGS** opted out of Brian Epstein's "Star '66" Autumn tour package . . . **SONNY AND CHER** should not underestimate publicity and work done for them by Troggs manager Larry

Page during their long time away . . . **JERRY LEE LEWIS** has tax problems here . . . **ANDREW OLDHAM** denies **BEACH BOYS** "God Only Knows" was dedicated to him . . . **TROGGS** declared Jonathan King talks with one foot in his mouth and the other in his typewriter . . . **LOVIN' SPOONFUL** remind **DUSTY SPRINGFIELD** of Fats Waller . . . **PET CLARK** admitted to London Hospital for an ear operation . . . **PAUL JONES** and model **JEAN SHRIMPTON** filming together on "The Privilege" a film concerning a pop singer who has a bad influence on his public—**ERIC BURDON** previously considered for the role . . . **GENE PITNEY** an "out" person with Chris Farlowe and Eric Burdon . . . **LIONEL BART** has two dogs called **SIMON AND GARFUNKEL** . . . **PET CLARK** gifted with a Rolls Royce by husband Claude Wolfe . . . **ANDREW OLDHAM'S** new Highgate residence built by Oliver Cromwell's brother . . . Allen Klein the Charles Clore of the Pop World . . . **SCOTT WALKER** appreciative of jazz singer Blossom Dearie . . . **SANDIE SHAW** and Italian singer Little Tony are good friends . . . Three groups tipped for fame by the "in" people in London are the **ACTION,** the **CREATION** and the **MOVE** . . . **WALKER BROTHERS** may sing next James Bond film theme . . . **PAUL JONES** an ardent CND supported must have interests in common with film producer Pete Watkin on "the Privilege" who also made "The War Game" . . . Tina Turner—yes . . . "Yellow Submarine" features the EMI tea lady and other staff personnel . . . **RAY DAVIES** anxious to visit U.S. on anything that does not resemble a **DICK CLARK** tour . . . **WALKER JOHN MAUS** fires road manager Bobby Hamilton (The Heap) at least once a day . . . **TROGGS** are all vocalists . . . **RINGO** dreams about yellow canaries with spiders' legs imagine! . . . **SYBILLAS,** the club owned by **BEATTLE GEORGE HARRISON,** expensive, exclusive and doing very well . . . **SCOTT WALKER,** a frustrated barber . . . **PAUL RYAN'S** talking voice and mannerisms much like **PAUL McCARTNEY** . . . **BEATLES** meat pics and **LENNON'S** JC comment unfortunate but should not be made a Federal case over . . . Most of the pop people—vote me in—think **NAPOLEON'S** disc was just plain sick, sick, sick . . . So many people with a piece of **ERIC BURDON** that he is beginning to feel like a jig-saw . . . On **TROGGS** U.S. album "Your Love" written by Harley Street psychiatrist Michael Julian . . . **REG PRESLEY** wishes **ELVIS** would make more light comedies like Pioneer Go Home . . . **LEN BARRY** has a great voice which he only spoils when he sings . . . **HERMAN** bought several abstract paintings by artist Emile Gerrard while on recent French visit . . . **PAUL JONES** and folk singer Julie Felix good friends . . . The **SINATRAS** stayed in London apartment previously owned by Ryan twins mother Marion Ryan . . . **BOB DYLAN** should temper his "genius" with a little humility . . . Next time **ANDREW OLDHAM** drives his Rolls through the gates of Buckingham Palace the guards have been requested to fire on sight . . . **ERIC BURDON** has a beautiful friend in actress **JULIE CHRISTIE** . . . Dan Crewe welcome back in England any time as is **PAPA JOHN** . . . **ANDREW OLDHAM** an incredible 22 ask Mama Cass . . . **RAY DAVIES** considers "Yellow Submarine" a piece of rubbish . . . **BRIAN WILSON** the toast of the POPulace since Pet Sounds—I'll drink to that.

'TA!

WHO'S DOT?

Some of his best friends have names which are known around the world. He's younger than many of his fans. (And any more giveaway hints would give the whole game away before you even had a chance to let the daffy dots tell the story!).

Bring the dots together, and when you know who you've just "connected," then send us your answer. You'll be in the raving running for 10 Pop Prizes!

SEND TO: DOT, FLIP MAGAZINE, 1010 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

I think dot's.....Here's hoping I'm right!

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

Chad and Jeremy seem to be looking for their audience during their appearance at the famous Hollywood Bowl. They really hyped up the crowd was Sold Out!

"why i worry about jeremy!"

For Their Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

In a photograph which almost looks like a pop painting, Chad and Jeremy are captured while tuning up before a recording session.

BY CHAD STUART

ing around all his actor (and would-be actor) friends in London.

I didn't want to hold him back—he wanted very much to do the part in the play. We thought, well he'll just sign a contract for a few months, get the urge to be on the stage out of his system, and we'd head back to America. What we didn't know was that it's nearly impossible to get anything less than a one-year contract for London's West End.

We panicked, of course, but somehow managed to get him a six-month's contract.

Everything worked out fine, I suppose. We both had a vacation from each other and traveling. I came back to Hollywood, recorded with Jill, did some producing, and Jeremy got a nice, heavy dose of the theatre.

After six month's absence from the general pop music scene, we both were very glad to get back. There was the "Laredo" episode to do and the pilot for our TV series. And Jeremy came back with countless songs he'd written and a thousand more ideas in his head. (Poems he'd written, too, and good ones.)

Then we began to think about our stage act and how it could be improved. It's very gratifying to have so many fans who enjoy just our songs and a bit of chatter, but we really want to entertain fully. Maybe do some skits and for Jeremy to do a little solid acting. Nothing heavy and serious, just a sort of "Chad and Jeremy Theatre."

This will satisfy Jeremy, dramatically, and me, musically.

We hope it will satisy you, entirely!

FLiP
teen magazine

RON RILEY TALKS ABOUT A SWINGING SUMMER AND CHAD, JEREMY & JILL!

Ron Riley is the most popular DJ in mid-America. As the early evening star of WLS-Radio, Chicago, he is heard in 35 swinging states! As FLIP's exciting columnist, he is heard around the world! Stay tuned for raving Ron in the next issue of FLIP!

(Until about thirty seconds ago, we were getting ready to fill this page with Ron Riley's long-lost baby pictures! You see, Ron's monthly flip-out had gotten lost somewhere between Chicago and New York. It's still missing—so if you should run across a manila envelope that talks, you'll know it's Ron's column! But, then, sensing disaster, Ron checked in with Steve this morning to dictate a new column. Well, (1) Steve can't take dictation and (2) he wasn't really awake when Ron called. So, all this is by way of saying that if this column doesn't sound like the Ron Riley you're used to, you're right! The real *Ron Riley will be back next month—with an outspoken column about The Beatles controversy!)*

Without a doubt, this has been one of the most enjoyable summers for teens ever! Show after show rolled from coast to coast featuring the greatest performers from both England and the United States. The big thing was that we could choose between so many exciting offers. Chicago, for instance, had two Teen Fairs—not to speak of The Beatles, Herman's Hermits, The Shondells, Paul Revere & The Raiders, The Yardbirds and Chad & Jeremy—among others. And it was great to have most of these nice people stop by our WLS studios for a "live" gab session.

Then there were things like reading a newspaper article saying, "150,000 attend teen fair—not one incident reported." Of course, we knew that there wouldn't be any incidents but, nevertheless, it makes us proud.

Speaking of Chad and Jeremy—and I was a couple of seconds ago—here are two guys who have been somewhat sparse in the hit department, but are very long on talent. I'm proud that I can tell them close friends.

I know that Chad's been very much disturbed by the recurring rumors that he and Jill are splitting. It just isn't true; as a matter of fact, everything between them is and has been love and roses. "I love Hollywood," Chad told me, "but it's a terrible place. Every time we're seen alone, the break-up rumors start. Jill models in New York and I'm on the road a lot—which means we're apart a lot. But when we're together, we're just that much more in love."

Jeremy, by the way, has just picked up a six-button, Navy blue knit blazer in Carnaby Street in London which I've got to have!

I hope that they get their TV series, and that it all works out for them. They're two of the nicest people in this business.

If there's anything you'd like to know about this business or talk to me about, please write to: Ron (FLIP) Riley, WLS, 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601. I'd love to hear from you—and I hope you'll let me talk to you again next month.

Until then, stay outta trees!

Chad cheerfully taking time out to sign autographs for C & J's fans.

ALL THE ACTION!

reserve the january flip at your newsstand now!

SUPER-SCOOPS ABOUT:

ACTION KIDS
beatles
RAIDERS
STONES
monkees

YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO "LIVE" WITHOUT IT!

ON SALE NOVEMBER 10TH!

This is Jimmy Page, the newest Yard-bird!

"we're the NEW YardBirds!"

These are the "old" but "new" Yard-birds!

The Yardbirds are old friends, but really a "new" group!

First, they have a new manager. His name is Simon Napier-Bell, and he's also one of England's best-known songwriters. In between writing such songs as Dusty Springfield's "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me," Simon will be giving The Y-Birds new ideas and new directions. He's a bright, good-looking guy who will make sure that the group is always in the middle of excitement!

Second, The Y-Birds have a new 'Bird! He's James Patrick Page, who replaces Paul Samwell-Smith. Jimmy is a 23-year-old guitarist who has developed a reputation as one of the most talented musicians in all of London! Like his new manager, the new Bird is also a songwriter. His partner is Jackie DeShannon, and such stars as Barbara Lewis and Marianne Faithfull have already recorded his songs.

Jimmy is also an ace artist, but he has finally decided to make it in music rather than art.

Third, the group is working on its spectacular sound. You'll probably be seeing more special individual work on future recordings. They want to develop each of themselves, as well as establish the group as one of the major hit-making groups in the world.

But, basically, they're still the "old" Yardbirds–with lots of "new" excitement!

For Their Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

are canadians jealous of u.s. teens ?

BY JUNE MACK

June reports that Canadian teens are jealous of our pop pace-setting fashions and our ability to make super stars! Here is Nancy Sinatra representing both worlds—a super star decked out in glorious go-go garb!

How do Canadian teens regard American teens? Wow! Is that ever a loaded topic! Let me first say that what you'll be reading next is not what individual teens feel, but what I seem to think is the general opinion on this heated subject.

To begin with—I can see those letters coming already—we're a little jealous of American teens. Honest. Even though we might not admit it, we are. First of all, you're trend setters. You know, you set the pattern, and we usually follow, about six months later. Especially in fashion. Like, this fall we're going to be having cranberry and dark deep orange as our fall colors—these colors were your main ones this past summer. Now, don't get me wrong. We're not backward or anything, there *are* Canadian teens who are really "in" in fashion, teens who keep up with what's new in fashion in the States; but, by and large, they're in the minority, unfortunately.

Another thing we're sort of envious of is your ability to create and support stars. We have our own recording artists—and darn good ones, too—but what we don't seem to have is the ability to support our stars; also, our recording centers don't seem to have developed to the point of excellence as have yours, like Detroit and its famous "Motown Sound." So, we listen to your hit parade and augment it with a few of our own "stars".

Most of us in Canada seem to feel like we're almost brothers and sisters to you in the U.S. After all, our borders are unbeliveably close. For example, the Quebec/Vermont/New York borders are so close, that they come in very, very handy on hot summer nights when drive-in movies are just what the doctor ordered. In Quebec, outdoor movies are forbidden so we usually pile into a couple of cars on a Saturday night and head across to Burlington, Vermont, or Plattsburgh, New York, for an evening's entertainment.

Oh yes, there are a lot of things we'd like to have that you have, but most of us are pretty happy right where we are. After all, we're a brand new country—we're only going to be one hundred years old in 1967 and we're gowing real fast.

So what if we don't set the trends, make and create the stars, have drive-in movies; we also *don't* have the draft system, the racial problem, the overpopulation problem—in fact, we're happy, even if we do wish, at times, we had your low prices on clothes, and your money value (for every ten dollars in American money, we have to give you eleven Canadian dollars). Yes, we do have Indians, and Eskimos, too. You name it, they're here, every race, religion and creed. They're part of our growing country and we're proud of them.

Besides, all in all, we're having the World's Fair in 1967. It's called Expo67 and opens in April, in Montreal right on the St. Lawrence Seaway. Preparations have been moving ahead really quickly for the upcoming openings. New rides, fab. exhibits, great pavilions, marvelous scenery, free transportation throughout the Expo grounds, spectacular evening entertainment, and great restaurants. I can hardly wait, I've bought my passport already—no tickets, they're using passports instead—Hope you come and see the World's Fair, and that you get a chance to see our country.

That's it for this column. See you next month with more info about Canadian groups. Drop me a line if you have someone you'd like to see featured in this column. Bestest always, June.

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"what it means to be a RAIDER!"

BY JIM "HARPO" VALLEY

I am a new Raider and it means the following things to me, if you have the patience to read them and I hope you have because if you haven't then it'll be a drag for you.

1. It means I am a member of the best group in Maine, Mass, Oregon and all of the other 34 States (Oh, are there fifty now?)

2. It means I can eat regularly and drink iced tea and buy books and pay the rent and swim before breakfast and give my friends presents for Christmas and Easter (where appropriate).

3. It means I can laugh my way across America and all the way to Santa Domingo and Vietnam with Revere who is the funniest man I know since Frank Jump ate a reading lamp in full view of his family who were horrified.

4. It means I am a satisfied man for I always wanted to be a Raider.

5. It means I can, if I work properly, bring happiness to audiences who yearn to be entertained and taken out of a grey world.

6. It means I have a real challenge to meet; because I am the newest member of a group who are so well disciplined that they know exactly what to do and exactly what each other is thinking.

7. It means I cannot ever say: Life is tough and dull and there's no way to escape.

8. It means I have to work harder than ever before because Paul Revere demands maximum effort.

9. It means I can make preparations for middle-age and a second career by studying the expert recording techniques of the Raiders, Columbia Records and Terry Melcher, our producer.

10. It means I have a chance at a movie career because Revere is about to start work on a feature-length film.

11. It means I can address you discerning Flip Readers.

12. It means that 1966 is the best year of my life. Thank you all. Very much.

For His Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

There's no doubt what the group dislikes most—it's being told what to do, where to go and who to speak to. In fact the odds are that if you tell a Stone to do something there's an excellent chance he will go and do just the opposite!

Individually, the group is just as colorful in their likes and dislikes:

Brian, for example, likes to be liked but feels that his natural charm and good manners are a front:

"I'm really a bit nasty," he once confided to me in all seriousness. "I've got a bad temper and a worse tongue but then I seem to be able to get around people even after I've been nasty. Makes me feel worse."

When Brian comes back from the U.S. he likes to bring about three suitcases of gifts and LPs back with him. Anyone going to visit him on his return is likely to be greeted by "Super-boy DJ Jones" who insists you hear the latest and greatest from James Brown, the Spoonful or Dylan.

"Dylan is one of the finest men I know," declares Brian. "He is also one of the most talented. He has the Press in Britain completely fooled. The Jones boy is probably Dylan's most ardent supporter.

Brian also likes good food, good music and good conversation and the only qualification he makes is that **he** enjoys these things.

Looking like a pop study in slow motion, these are The Stones getting ready for a rocking on-stage performance!

what the STONES

Brian Jones wants YOU!

Mick is a great animal lover. He informed me that he was looking for a new cat.

"But what happened to Sydney," I asked. Sydney is the little cat that he and Chrissie used to share.

"Gorn," said Mick.

"Gorn," I echoed.

"Yes—gorn next door," said Mick sadly, "He split the pad man—now I've got to get another one."

Oh, well!

Mick is not a great reporter lover.

"The ones in the U.S. who come in and say 'Now which one of you is Ringo?' are the worst. Fortunately they are now in a minority but you still get the out of town hicks who start out on the defensive. They begin by saying 'Why are you so rude to people'—I mean, that's a bloody good start, isn't it?"

There are a number of things that Keith does not like and one of them is being asked what he likes and dislikes? Keith is the direct Stone—the most frank member.

"I like people to be straight," he says. "If they come right out and ask for an autograph that's fine but what I really hate are these characters who are too ashamed to admit they want it for themselves; it's always for my kid sister or for a friend. If they are ashamed to ask they shouldn't make excuses. I can always tell."

Transport cafes in the early days were another of Keith's hates and a plate of egg chips and grease was enough to turn him off his food for days.

"Like an army, a pop group moves on its stomach," he affirms, "And I

For Their Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

love (and hate!)

the moat about it and hisBentleycar show this. Both are rather un-Stone like acquisitions.

"That's why I bought them," states Keith.

In addition to his work with the group he is also an accomplished record producer and has produced an LP of Classically arranged pop tunes for "Immediate" records, the company owned by their manager Andrew Oldham.

———

Bill's greatest obsession is his stereo and recording equipment. He has a large room in his Kent home which is virtually a recording studio where he can tape, mix, record and transmit his own experiments in sound. Most of this interest stems from the early days when he was an electrician.

"My neighbours are very nice," says Bill. "They refer to me as that rock'n'roll chappie!"

An easy going individual Bill has very few real dislikes—nothing that gets him really riled except too much leg pulling. Naturally a great deal of mickey taking goes on between the boys in the group but Bill can only take so much before he becomes irritated.

'Sometimes I just have to get out," he says. "You can only take so much fooling around and then I get wild but then an hour later I'm back to my old self."

———

I asked Charlie whether he felt he would like to contribute towards the feature dealing with the group's opinions, and interests and he said: "Yeah, and that was all he said.

But, then, that's Charlie and we wouldn't have him any other way!

want mine in a good condition."

Keith is one of the Stones who genuinely appears to enjoy an interview and usually accompanies Mick on appointments. Keith is also a lover of the original and his new house with

As Keith greets a FLIP-friend, Mick curiously looks towards the camera.

Mick doesn't like reporters, Keith (who's an exception and one of his closest friends) reports. But here he is reading a newspaper.

WHAT'S HAPPENING ON THE LONDON FASHION SCENE!

BY THE MAN WHO MAKES IT HAPPEN!

BY DOUGIE MILLINGS

We're especially proud to present FLIP's newest columnist! Dougie Millings knows more about London pop fashions than anyone in the swinging city! From his crowded shop 100 yards from Piccadilly Circus, Dougie knows what's happening! He has an advantage—because as the personal tailor to The Beatles and dozens of pop stars—he makes a lot of it happen himself! From now on, in every issue of FLIP, Dougie will take you straight into the magical, mysterious world of London pop fashions. It's a trip you'll want to take every month with Dougie!

THE BEATLES' PERSONAL TAILOR

Once upon a time there was a London tailor who made suits for THE BEATLES—dozens and dozens of them!

And they all lived happily ever after!

So here I am, sweating over a hot cutting table, trying to unzip my brain for a new-style sport-coat for someone—and in comes Tom Jones, with a tan from Cannes and a grin a yard wide. "You'll die happy when you see what I've got ready for you," I said, and brought out from my rack four suits I made for his Las Vegas tour. They included a black one with white edge-stitching, a mustard-colored one, a black tux and a black sport suit. Tom flipped! And, apart from money, that's about all a hard-working tailor ever hopes for—pleasing his customers!

There's been much coming and going at my shop this week—Jeremy Clyde in from Hollywood to fill his wardrobe, Gordon Waller returning from New York still digging the way we make his clothes, some last-minute First Aid to various Beatle clothes in preparation for their U.S. tour.

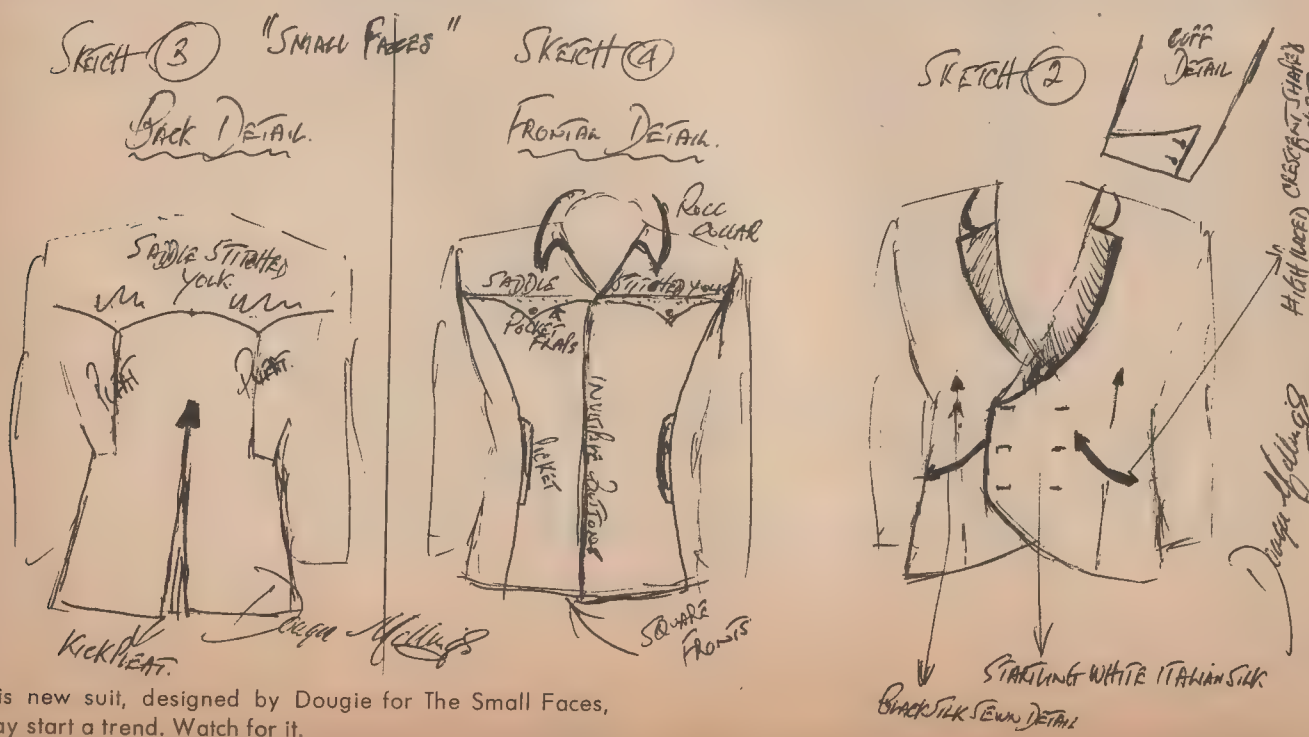
You may soon be seeing several new High Octane-styled suits worn by The Small Faces—one of which I predict will start a trend (if it doesn't, at least the cloth will wear well!).

So, this is London today. Teeming with tourists from everywhere! It is really interesting to study the clothing they wear, and try to guess where the wearer comes from. There is usually a give-away somewhere, but everyone can be fooled—as I was the other day!

A smartly turned-out young man was wearing a beautifully-cut light grey plaid suit, complete with grey narrow brim Stetson and accessories. Judging by his shoe style, from the rear, I thought he was a well-dressed Frenchman. He turned out to be a Japanese!

But it is really not to difficult to sort out Scandinavians by their suits, especially if they ask you in Swedish the way to The Tower of London! (By the way, when you get here, that's a must to see). Now, there are some swinging styles for you! The Wardens at The Tower—called "Beef-eaters"—are dressed in uniforms worn exactly as they were three hundred years ago!

That reminds me! I'd better keep up with my styles! Back to the cutting table. Thank you for your kindness! I'll write soon!



This new suit, designed by Dougie for The Small Faces, may start a trend. Watch for it.

DOUGIE WILL BE BACK NEXT ISSUE —ON SALE NOVEMBER 10th!

all about the troggs!

By Our Man From U.N.K.L.E. (Who Discovered Them!)

REG PRESLEY is the leader of The Troggs.

"The Troggs From Nowhere" was the title of their first LP and for these four country boys from Andover nothing could have been more appropriate. From relative obscurity to international fame they rocketed to the top of charts all over the world with "Wild Thing," which was only their second disc, and while the cynics were sneeringly remarking about one-shot wonders, they did a repeat performance with "With A Girl Like You."

I was perhaps the first journalist to know about the Troggs and it was my suggestion that Reg should adopt the name of Presley in place of his surname—Maurice.

It was certainly never intended as a take on Elvis. The idea was to have a name which immediately drew attention and created a lasting impression. "Presley" was both. In addition to its immediate association with Elvis it is a popular Northern English surname.

Of the other Presley, Reg says: "Reporters are constantly badgering me to say something controversial about Elvis—it's become almost the thing for a new artist to knock him. Well nuts to that—when I've been having hits for ten years and have the following he has it will be meaningful for me to criticize his work."

What is Trogg-type music? Reg supplies the answer:

"We believe in musical progression as much as anyone but we can't help feeling that some of the modern groups have sacrificed their early, primitive excitement for sophistication. Our kind of music is simple, earthy and uncomplicated. We may not have an accomplished sitar player but we've got Pet with his four year old bass guitar that growls out the kind of thunder U.S. Bonds and early Duane Eddy discs had."

Pete Staples is the ex-apprentice electrician who joined the group with Chris from another Andover group called "The Five Feet Ten," when the Troggs lost their lead guitarist and vocalist shortly before their first disc, "Lost Girl," was cut.

"In those days I was the bass player," explains Reg, "I did two numbers only on stage, Chuck Berry's "Sweet Little Sixteen" and "Jaguar and the Thunderbird." When Pete happened along I took over lead vocals happily enough but it was by accident, not design."

Ronnie Bond is the six foot drummer in the group who claims to have trained in his youth as a jockey. He carries a permanent supply of "Superboy," "Plastic Man" and "Weird Fantasy" comics about with him and has a secret fear of being sent to tour Ireland.

Perhaps of all the Troggs, Chris is the most charming. He is good mannered to the extreme we have come to expect of "A Southern Gentlemen" and has a flashing smile and a kind word for everyone. His ambition on reaching the U.S. is to meet guitarist Chet Atkins and his favorite English female artist is that "Little dolly bird Pet Clark! All girls are 'dolly birds' to Chris.

"I should think my ambition is to play a guitar like Joe Tex," says Chris. "There's a number on his new album here called 'You'd Better Believe It Baby' and that's real Trogg-music."

Meanwhile back at his London flat, Reg is working on new compositions.

"I've got this great one about a girl wearing low cut hipsters but I think it will be banned," Reg informed me philosphically.

For further info get the LP which contains the real Trogg message—the sleeve notes aren't bad either! *(P.S.—We're letting Keith's last line stay in even though it's obvious that he wrote the notes for the Troggs' album!)*

PETE STAPLES is the most outspoken Trogg.

CHRIS BRITTON is the most charming Trogg.

RONNIE BOND is the tallest Trogg.

For Their Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

spec silhouette surprise !

If you've read this issue very carefully, then you'll be able to identify our Spec Silhouette Star!

He loves to hunt, which is where we candidly caught him one morning just before he was going into the woods to track down some game.

He is part of a great group, he is terribly good-looking, and he is waiting to give away 10 copies of his group's latest album to 10 lucky FLIPers!

To become eligible for this pop prize, just fill out the easy FLIP-clip coupon! Add an envelope and a 5¢ stamp to complete this raving recipe for winning!

SEND TO: SILHOUETTE, FLIP MAGAZINE, 1010 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

The Spec Silhouette Star is ..... Here's hoping I'm right and eligible for one of the 10 Pop Prizes.

NAME..... AGE.....

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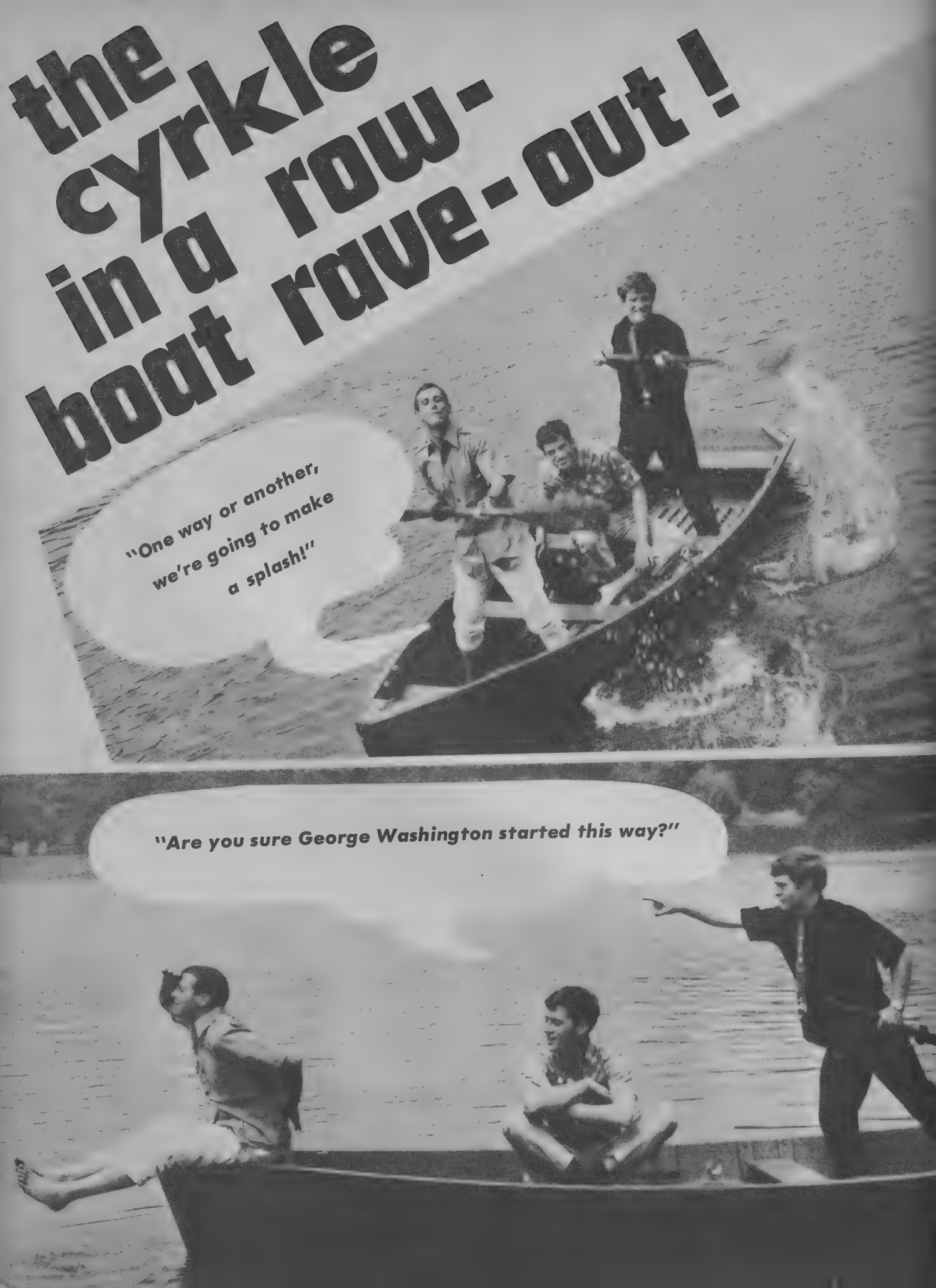
the cyrkle in a row-boat rave-out!



"Take me to your leader!"

"Will we make it back to shore?"
"We're keeping our oars crossed!"

SECRET BEAUTY SCOOP!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE (SUNSWEET) PRUNE JUICE?

The first time we heard it, we didn't believe it.

The first time we saw it, we didn't believe it.

Then, when we discovered that "it" was what was happening, we checked it out!

"It" is prune juice — Sunsweet Prune Juice, to be exact—and it is helping teen complexions to stay healthy and happy!

Even Batman (Adam West) keeps a bottle of Sunsweet P.J. on his dressing room shelf. And singers and swingers whose complexions you envy have discovered the surprising beauty secret of P.J.

To find out exactly how P.J. can help to solve beauty and skin problems, we asked Dr. John L. S. Holloman, President of the National Medical Association, about the ingredients of this raving remedy.

First, he explained, it's a source of iron—giving us 105% of the minimum daily requirement of iron. And iron builds blood, which makes you look and feel better. Then, Dr. Holloman explained, since clear skin is a gastro-intestinal function (which means that how you look on the outside depends on how you're working on the inside), the internal benefits of prune juice become important.

Teen uncertainty is helped by regularity, for which P.J. is famous, and this leads to less tension, less breaks in the skin (which cause acne) and less secretion of oil (which causes blackheads).

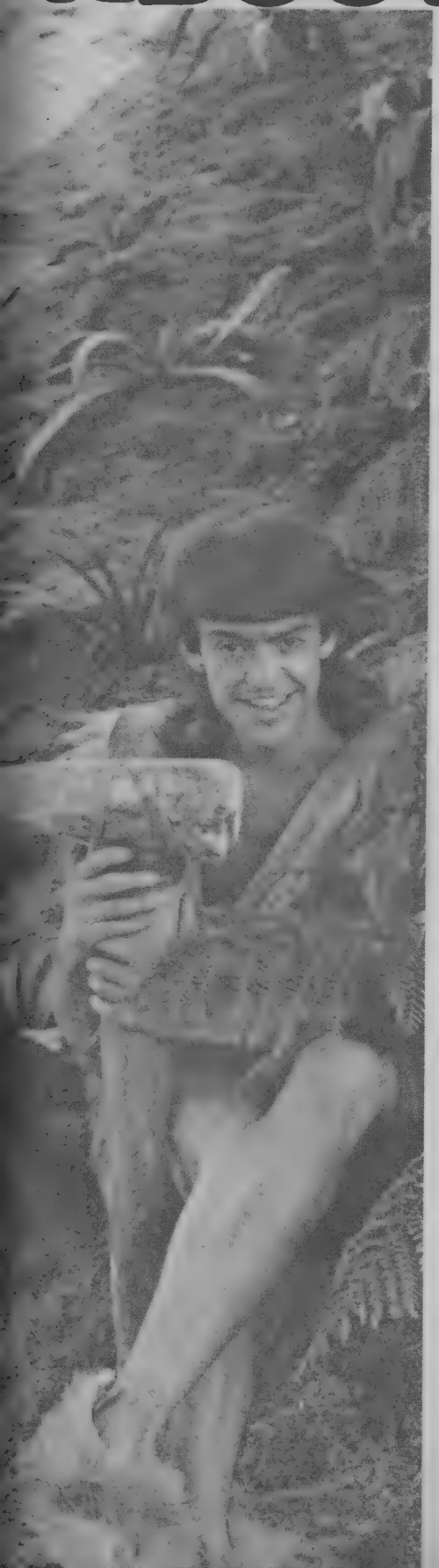
Dr. Holloman, who conducted his studies with Sunsweet Prune Juice, says that each teen's daily dose depends on your individual personality and needs. But he did tell us that P.J. can easily and pleasantly be mixed with milk, colas and ice cream sodas.

Frankly, even though many stars have discovered its beauty secret, prune juice may strike you as something hard to take.

It really isn't—and even if it were, it would be worth it—considering the good things which will happen to your skin (and personality) when you drink it regularly.

But if you should ever run into a P.J. mocker, your answer is easy: Just flash your clear complexion and quietly say, "You really know how to hurt a prune!"

"MY THOUGHTS ABOUT YOU"



My thoughts about you are mainly anxious because although we've had a good year, I still retain the anxiety which marked our years of struggle.

You, as readers of Flip and fans, have done a lot to remove the old fears that maybe we wouldn't make it as Raiders and entertainers, but basically I still worry about how we're doing and where we're going and when it could end and whether I'm adequate and well. . .All the unanswerable anxieties of being in entertainment.

This is a strange industry: I don't know anyone who is secure. That is—completely happy, contented and safe. I know many people leading dull comfortable lives in routine jobs, neat and tidy houses, well-shod, nicely insured, looking forward to annual vacations, Christmas and eventual retirement on a good pension.

They worry, of coure, about this and that. But they don't suffer the terrible fears of performers. The self query: "Am I good enough?" is not with them day and night.

Mainly, the rewards of show business are sufficient to make life worthwhile and I don't want you to think I'm complaining about life as a Raider. What I'm trying to do is to show you that if we seem to be people who have **everything,** well this just isn't so.

You see, our well-being is entirely in YOUR hands. If **you** stop caring, it's all over.

We have no self-sufficiency. We cannot buy our own records, attend our own shows, and though we may sometimes seem to be applauding ourselves, it is YOUR applause which really matters.

So you can understand why I say my thoughts about you, dear readers and fans, are mainly anxious. I think about you a lot and I hope I can carry on giving you what pleases you. It is a great challenge—because we're not only fighting to keep you happy but we're also battling against other entertainers who are also aiming to win you over.

It is just one massive war set to music. I trust we are winning it.

By Mark Lindsay

I think of how **you** think I look. I think of how you think I **ought** to look. I think of how to balance how **I** think I ought to look and how **you** see me when having gone through all these thought processes, I eventually **appear** before you.

Isn't it complicated?

It isn't just a case of strutting across the stage waving a microphone and grinning. It isn't just a case of putting on uniform and slapping makeup on my face and pinning back my hair.

It's so many other things; getting my head in order, forgetting my vanity, shedding an attack of nerves, and throwing off the fatigue of a long tour.

Once I'm on stage, I feel better. But I can still be thrown off balance if I don't get a return smile from a member of the audience.

All of this makes you Very Important People. And so you are. This is why you should be **treated** as VIPs.

I think the Raiders have always tried to keep you in the highest regard. There is a deep feeling for fans within our group—an awareness that it was always the Fan who made us, will always be the Fan who keeps us up there and that it may, eventually be the Fan who waves us goodbye.

I know it is going well for us and I am thankful. But I am telling you frankly that I remain anxious.

Let's hope that this is a good thing. It had better be.

(I love all of you.)

For His Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

THIS IS WHERE IT'S AT!

SEND TO: GROOVE-OUT, FLIP MAGAZINE, 1010 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

Here's my $1.25. I'd like a copy of GIANT GROUPS GROOVE-OUT, the "in" book of the year!

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ON THE FLIP teen magazine SIDE

TEEN PAN ALLEY Stephen & Kahn GO

ERIC

Eric Burdon and Chris Farlowe in London.

Noel

The Man From U.N.C.L.E. relaxing.

THE GIRLS BEHIND THE GROOVY GUYS–Most pop stars (we're talking about the guys) have special girls they try to keep beyond the reach of publicity . . . Some, like **MICK & CHRISSIE** and **PAUL & JANE**, have already lost that personal privilege . . . But most work hard to keep that personal part of their private lives just that: **PRIVATE!** . . . That's why almost no one knows about the pert pop publicist who just flew to England to visit **PETER ASHER**, her favorite guy . . . Or about the well-known beauty (**not** Chrissie!) who is dating one of **THE STONES** . . . Or about the girl **PETER (HERMAN) NOONE** always sees when he gets home to England . . . Or about the pop personality one of **THE RAIDERS** spends so much of his free time with . . . And that's the way it should be . . . "I love you," one star says, talking about his fans, "but there's nothing in my contract which ways that I have to wear my heart on my sleeve!"

WILL THE REAL MAMA PLEASE STAND UP?–First, the word is that **JILL GIBSON**, a beautiful green-eyed model, has replaced **MICHELLE GILLIAM** in the mad Mamas and Papas . . . Then, the word is that **MICHELLE** will be coming back . . . Finally, we hear that **JILL** is still in, but **MICHELLE** isn't completely out, either, but "standing by," just in case . . . No one said in case of what! . . . By now, anything could have (and probably did!) happened . . . But the fact is that both Mamas are exciting performers and

WHERE THE ACTION IS!

nice people . . . Watched over, of course, by **CASS**–the biggest Mama of them all!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE?–At the end of a mad month, it's sometimes surprising to translate the notes you've taken! . . . Here's a scrawled story told to us by **PETE STAPLES**, who's one of **THE TROGGS** . . . He was telling us about one of the group's former road managers . . . The guy was a charming chap who happened to believe in something known as "astral traveling," which means that he was convinced that you could project yourself anywhere in the world (or out of it!) while you were sleeping . . . So, he used to go to sleep by saying something like, "I think I'll go to China tonight!" . . . It's a true story!

SHORT SCOOPS ABOUT FAB FRIENDS–When that controversial interview with **JOHN LENNON** appeared here, no one batted an eyelash . . . **CHRIS MONTEZ** should be visiting England just about now . . . **THE TROGGS** were given their big break by **KEITH ALTHAM**, our own "Man From U.N.K.L.E." who is the most important and respected pop music reporter in England! . . . **BOB DYLAN** recovering nicely from his broken neck . . . He was lucky at that! . . . Because he took a terribly nasty spill off his motorcycle . . . Funniest album cover of the year: **PETER, PAUL & MARY's** new album. . . It's title: "Album" . . . Honest . . . **SPOONFUL STEVE BOONE's** brother also trying to make it as a groupie . . . With a group called–are you ready?–"The New York Public Library!" . . . Hope that they don't have to keep quite while singing! . . . FANG still looking for an apartment in Hollywood . . . **THE ROBBS** still can't believe it happened to them . . . Their manager,

SPOONFUL In action!

BOB L. With Paul and Barry Ryan.

DANNY

You think it's easy to cut a record?

TOM PARKER, no relation to the "other" TomParker, who is **ELVIS'** long-time manager . . . **FABIAN** just got married . . . Congratulations, Mr. Forte . . . **JOHN LEYTON** looking forward to working in Hollywood . . . It's like a British colony . . . With people such as **NOEL HARRISON** and **DAVID JONES** filmng all around him . . . **BOBBY RYDELL** and **DONNA LOREN** getting along nicely on the set of **MILTON BERLE'S** show . . . There are no more **ANIMALS** as we know them. . . Now it's **ERIC BOURDON** with a group know as **THE ANIMALS,** but with completely new faces except for drummer **BARRY JENKINS,** who was the newest of the old Animals.

BOB LEVINE, IMPORTANT FRIEND OF THE STARS–The first person **PETER NOONE** calls when he gets to New York is a friendly, dapper man by the name of **BOB LEVINE** . . . The reason **GOLDIE & THE GINGERBREADS** left England to come home again was Bob . . . Now the question is : Who is Bob Levine? . . . First off, Bob is **FLIP's** newest writer and an old friend . . . But more importantly, Bob is becoming one of the "in" pop people on the scene . . . As Herman's Hermits American associate and road manager, he is very important to the success of one of the most important groups in the world . . . As a manager of promising new talent (such as **GOLDIE**), he is becoming New York's

answer to **BRIAN EPSTEIN** . . . And as plain old Bob, he is a cheerful friend to many of the pop performers who pass through New York.

ON THE FLIP SIDE—AL JARDINE's idea of a perfect "date": A quiet evening at home with his pretty wife, Linda . . . **ANDREW OLDHAM,** the man who produces all **THE STONES'** records, predicted that **CHRIS FARLOWE** would be the star he's just become . . . If you happened to be driving alongside the Thames River in London recently, you would have spotted a surprising couple in way-out costumes: **LUCILLE BALL** and **DAVE CLARK!**

They've got problems.

MAMA'S PAPA'S

. . . He's still looking for his first national super-hit, but **DANNY HUTTON** won't wear shoes to do it . . . It's sandals or $0.000! . . . That was no mirate . . . It **was JOHN SEBASTIAN** wearing out-of-this-century sideburns! . . . **PAUL** and **BARRY RYAN** doing very well in England . . . They've just had their fourth big hit in a row in England . . . Can't figure out their pop problems here.

Keep spinning and swinging . . . We'll do it again . . . Right here next month . . . **FLIP's** the place . . . And November 10th is the date!

jumping january issue!

ON SALE NOVEMBER 10TH!

ringo surprises!

PIN-UPS!

robbs take off! monkees madness!

raiders rave on!

Hello out there, this is Bruce Robb of The Robbs, and I'm here to say a few things about my brother, Joe Robb. Joe stands 5'7" tall, tips the scale at 155 lbs., has brown hair and brown eyes. Joe has what you might call the built in James Bond image. He's very spontaneous about things, easy going, and dreams of being the first astronaut to the moon. He's not too serious and always ready for fun and games. He's fairly impatient when it comes to his music. Like the rest of us, Joe really lives for music and is usually somewhere with his guitar in his spare time. He likes all water sports, and his newest trick—the skateboard which he's gotten rather excellent on. He likes explosives, and collects all types of weapons. He also enjoys reading science fiction and dating, (not necessarily in that order). Joe is also what you may term a health feind. He loves to eat and is very serious about his weight lifting and body-building courses. A party goer at the drop of a hat—Joe is a real fun loving guy.

For Their Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

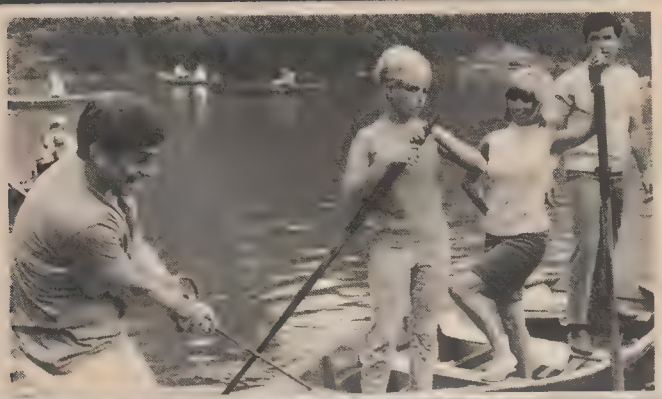
heRe arE

Hi Gang, this is Craig Robb and I'd like to tell you about Dee Robb. Dee is 5'9", weighs 155 lbs., has red hair and blue eyes. I guess you could call Dee the "old man of the group". Since he is the oldest, he gets the respect from us that he demands as a leader. Dee is looked up to for decisions. He is the songwriter for the group and since we would like to record original material in the future. Dee's main thought is music which he is really serious about. He has a great sense of humor, sparkling personality, and so wrapped up in show business that sometimes a little temperamental. He enjoys water skiing, surfing, sleeping, cars, and motorcycles. And like the rest of us enjoys dating whenever he can. Dee is the one who keeps us under control, and if we get out of line, he's the first to put his foot down. He's really a great guy and one of the best I've ever known.

tHe RaVinG rOBbs!

It's me—Joe Robb with some information for you about my brother Bruce Robb. Bruce is 5'10" tall, weighs a mean 165 lbs., has black hair and brown eyes. Bruce is very happy-go-lucky and very assured as he knows what he wants. And whatever he wants. he goes after. Bruce is the youngest member of the group and the family for that matter and holds up rather well with all our jokes about his being the 'baby' of the family. He really digs all of the groups fans, likes to surf, and is my co-partner in crime on the skateboard. He has a very rare hobby and that is experimenting with colored lights. Like the rest of us, he enjoys eating and he lists milk as his favorite food. He's also a sun worshipper and spends many hours by the pool with the California sun. Likeable, pleasant, and funny, Bruce has one worry which always sets us off. He always worries whether or not they'll complete the Toledo Turnpike!

Hi: This is Dee Robb speaking and I'd like to tell you a little about our Robb· cousin Craig Robb. Craig stands 5'11", weighs 158 lbs. and has blond hair and blue eyes. Craig is the drummer for the Robbs and very dedicated to his music and the group. Craig expresses a lot of his thoughts through poetry and was the winner of the poet of the year award at Marquette University. He has a large record collection and is extremely fond of the fans our group has. He's quite serious about physical fitness and concerned with social problems in the world. Craig is very easy going, seldom moody, always sincere, and a great all around guy, likeable the first time you meet him. He likes music and spends most of his spare time listening to music and playing it. He likes to eat and his favorite food is spaghetti and meatballs. Very concientious, and always looking ahead, his main concern, above everything else, is the group.



NEW "INSIDE"

BY MIKE

OH MAN! Y'KNOW THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IN THE WHOLE WORLD? SLEEPING IN YOUR OWN BED AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE I'M WRITING THIS COLUMN FROM. MY BED.

YOU GUESSED IT, WE'RE JUST BACK FROM ANOTHER OF OUR NATIONAL TOURS AND I'M BUSHED. BUT WHAT A GROOVY TIME WE HAD! WHAT GREAT MEMORIES I HAVE FROM NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, TENNESSEE, ALABAMA, FLORIDA, GEORGIA, MISSISSIPPI, KENTUCKY AND INDIANA. AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL, WHERE THE PEOPLE ALL OVER ARE THE GREATEST.

AND, TALK ABOUT SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY. THE MOST! OF ALL THE STATES WE WERE IN, THE KOOKIEST PANTS WORN BY GUYS ANYWHERE, LIKE EVEN IN HOLLYWOOD, WERE MOST NOTICEABLE IN THE SOUTH. THEY REALLY GO IN FOR MADRAS, PAISLEY AND FLORAL DESIGNS, AND THE GIRLS WEAR LITTLE LIGHT COTTON DRESSES LIKE I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYWHERE ELSE. IT WAS PLENTY HOT AND USUALLY HUMID SO I JUST WORE AS LITTLE AS THE LAW WOULD ALLOW. I SPENT MORE TIME IN MY BATHING SUIT THOSE 15 DAYS IN THE SOUTH THAN I DO ALL SUMMER LONG IN CALIFORNIA. THERE ARE A LOT OF HISTORICAL AND OTHER INTERESTING THINGS TO SEE THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH (LIKE GIRLS IN LITTLE LIGHT COTTON DRESSES).

IN MEMPHIS WE RAN INTO THE RAIDERS WHO WERE NOT TRAVELING WITH US BUT WERE DOING THEIR OWN TOUR. THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN FANG SINCE I LEFT LOS ANGELES. REMEMBER, I TOLD YOU FANG WAS SHARING MY HOUSE UNTIL HE GETS HIS OWN PLACE. WELL, HE HASN'T GOTTEN HIS OWN PLACE YET. BUT, NO MATTER WHAT I SAY ABOUT

FLIP

COLUMN ALL ABOUT THE "ACTION KIDS!"

WILLIAMS

HIM, HE'S A REAL FRIEND. HE HAD LETTERS AND PHONE MESSAGES FOR ME FROM HOME AND ALL THE HOUSE BILLS. HE SAID HE WAS AFRAID THE ELECTRICITY MIGHT BE TURNED OFF ONE NIGHT WHEN HE WAS WATCHING TELEVISION AND HE DIDN'T THINK I SHOULD LET THAT HAPPEN TO HIM!

BUT, WHAT A REUNION THAT WAS IN MEMPHIS WITH ALL OF US. THERE WERE PAUL AND THE RAIDERS, B. J. THOMAS AND THE TRIUMPHS, KNICKERBOCKERS, RASCALS, CRITTERS, SHADES OF BLUE, STEVE ALAIMO, KEITH ALLISON AND— OF COURSE— THE ACTION KIDS. WE SPENT MOST OF THE NIGHT IN PAUL'S ROOM SWAPPING STORIES ABOUT OUR INDIVIDUAL TOURS. I WON'T TRY TO TELL YOU ANY OF THEM BECAUSE AS ONE PERSON TRIED TO TOP THE OTHER ONE, THE STORIES BECAME MORE FICTION THAN FACT. BUT, IT WAS A REAL GAS.

B. J. THOMAS WON THE GROUP AWARD FOR BEING THE FUNNIEST GUY ON THE ENTIRE TOUR. HE DID IMITATIONS OF ALL OF US. HIS IMITATION OF JERI LYN TRYING TO COMB HER HAIR WHILE SIGHT-SEEING ON TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING WAS GOOD FOR A LAUGH A DAY. I DIDN'T THINK HIS IMITATION OF ME SLEEPING IN THE BAGGAGE RACK IN THE BUS WAS SO FUNNY. BUT, EVERYONE ELSE DID.

THE AWARD TO THE GUYS WHO COULD STAY OUT THE LATEST AND STILL LOOK LIVELY IN THE MORNING WENT TO BILLY JOE ROYAL AND MYSELF. WE WENT CLUBING IN MIAMI AND STAYED OUT ALL NIGHT. WHY NOT? NOTHING CLOSES DOWN IN MIAMI. WHY SHOULD WE?

DURING THE TOUR WE LOST ONE OF OUR MEMBERS. JACK, THE DRUMMER FOR THE CRITTERS, ENLISTED IN THE SERVICE. WILLIE ORNELAS, THE TRIUMPHS' DRUMMER, TOOK OVER AND DOUBLED IN DRUMS FOR BOTH GROUPS.

IN TAMPA THE RASCALS DIDN'T MAKE THE SHOW BECAUSE THE BUS THEY WERE DRIVING IN BROKE DOWN FIFTY MILES FROM THE CITY. AND, IN KENTUCKY IT WAS RAINING AND LIGHTNING SO HARD ONE NIGHT WE HAD TO CANCEL THE SHOW. THEY HAD METAL STAGES SET UP OUTSIDE AND WE WERE ALL AFRAID THAT WE'D GET A JOLT FROM A BOLT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME FOR SOME OF US BORN IN CALIFORNIA TO SEE LIGHTNING LIKE THAT.

IT'S GREAT TO HAVE TINA AND TED AS NEW MEMBERS OF THE GROUP. THEY WERE WELL RECEIVED EVERYWHERE WE WENT.

BACK HOME IN CALIFORNIA THE SUNRAYS HAVE INVENTED A NEW GAME CALLED "CHANGING THE WORDS." SO MANY KIDS DANCE JUST TO THE BEAT AND DON'T LISTEN TO THE WORDS. PERK AN EAR THE NEXT TIME YOU HEAR RICK HENN SING— YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT WHAT YOU HEAR.

THIS IS MIKE WILLIAMS, SIGNING OFF, FROM HIS BEDSIDE HOME, IN HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA. BY NEXT ISSUE, I SHOULD BE UP AND IN ACTION AGAIN— TO SHOW YOU WHERE AND HOW EACH OF THE ACTION KIDS LIVE!

DRAKE'S ON HIS OWN, NOW

After six years of groupdom and six months in the National Guard, Drake Levin is now on his own—as a musician, singer, producer and composer.

He made his dramatic decision to leave one of the most popular groups in the world—Paul Revere and The Raiders—while serving in the National Guard.

"Going into the service was the best thing that had happened to me since The Raiders," Drake says. "It gave me time to think—about what I had done with myself so far and what I was going to do with it next. I could sit back and look at the music scene objectively and decide whether it was worth all the time, trouble, heartaches, and hunger.

"It is."

But, to Drake, it wasn't worth breaking the fans' bond with his replacement, Jim Valley. "I saw how beautifully everyone took to him. He learned the routines and guitar quickly and now he has his own gimmicks with his nickname 'Harpo' and his horn."

During the past few years, Drake has developed an interest in music other than the Raider brand of hard, solid rock. He particularly likes Dylan and jazz. He writes songs, ones that might not fit into the group's act or albums. And he likes to sing solo and often—which is what Mark Lindsay does for The Raiders (and does so fabulously, Drake adds).

Sitting on his cot at Ford Ord, Drake made his decision: He wouldn't go back to The Raiders. Instead, he would try to make it on his own. So he started planning.

"First, I formed a production company with a friend. We'll produce demonstration records for our songs and for other artists. I've written a lot of tunes so far and the ideas just keep coming and coming. I've got even more ideas for production. I want to put a bit of jazz into rock 'n' roll.

"I'd like to try singing by myself, maybe a backing group. It's scarry, I know, when you're used to attention being focused on not just you, but four others, too. But I really think that this is the only way I'll be able to experiment and do what *I* want to do without having to get the approval of fellow group members.

"Not that I have anything against groups! I mean, that's what got me this far. But it's difficult for each member to develop individually and remain within the framework of a group. Even with The Beatles, though each goes off on a tangent, there's that Beatle-ish quality holding it all together. Besides, they're the only group so far to successfully try all different kinds of music. I can't see many others doing it half as well. There are a lot of talented groups, but only one Beatles.

"Also, even if your group lets you try something different, you're jeopardizing them as well. This way, if I goof, it only hurts me. It's fairer this way. And fun, I hope."

So—Levin Lovers—don't despair! With lots of pop plans, Drake will be back in the middle of the scene very, very soon!

here they are! you asked for them!

AMAZING AUGUST ISSUE—Featuring Keith Allison's Dreams, Beatles' Clothes, Hermits 7 Scoops, Spoonful Surprises, and Much, Much More!

SPECTACULAR SEPTEMBER ISSUE—Visit The Beatles At Home, Meet The Mama's & Papa's, Rascals, Ryans, Raiders Rave-Out, and Spec Scoops!

OUT-OF-SIGHT OCTOBER ISSUE— Exclusive "Action Kids" Column, Stones, Mike Smith Spec, How Beatles Changed, Mark L's Scoops, Great Goddies!

You asked us to make back copies of FLIP available! So, starting with this issue, we will make recent issues you may have missed available at 50¢ per copy. Just send your order to: Back Issues, FLIP Magazine, 1010 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

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how to make me happy [and sad]!

BY BEAU [THE KNICKERBOCKERS] CHARLES

I LOVE...

1. People who like our music.
2. A girl who really cares.
3. Walking hand in hand with a girl along a deserted beach.
4. Writing a good song.
5. Watching TV all night and constantly eating.
6. Knowing that people know us all over the country.
7. Sunbathing.
8. Hunting with my new rifle.
9. Knowing that my family is proud of me and interested in my career.
10. Being with a girl I want to be with and knowing she wants to be with me.

THINGS THAT MAKE ME UNHAPPY...

1. Being backstage and finding out that there is a poor turnout for the show.
2. When I write a song that no one likes.
3. Not having time to date as much as I'd like to.
4. When I have a night off and end up being alone.
5. When my voice is shot and I have to do another show.
6. Not being to be with my family in New Jersey as much as I'd like to.
7. When I'm with a girl who acts as if she'd rather be somewhere else.
8. Breaking a string during a show.
9. Discovering that kids seem to forget you as soon as your record is off the charts.
10. When people don't understand my moods.

For His Action Address, Flip to Page 63!

FREE! ACCURATE ACTION ADDRESSES! HERE!

Unlike some magazines, who make you pay for the privilege, we believe that you have the right to know where to write to your favorite stars! That's the whole idea of this spectacular section!

And if there's anyone we've left off who you'd like to know about, just write to Action Addresses, FLIP Magazine, 1010 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021, and look for the address you've requested in a future FLIP!

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Hollywood, Calif. 90028

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BEACH BOYS
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Hollywood, Calif.

BYRDS
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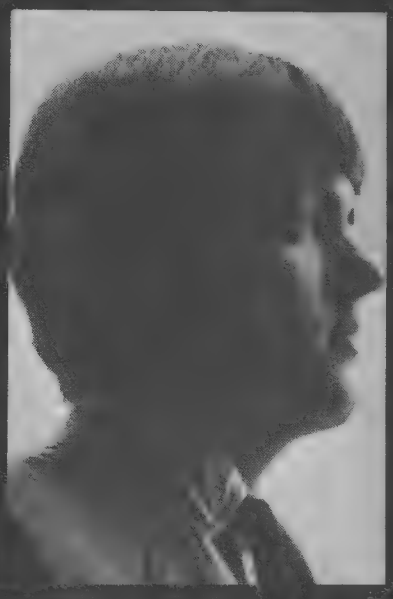

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WHERE WILL YOU BE ON NOV 10TH ?

(wherever you are, make sure that you are at a newsstand to grab the groovy january issue of flip !)

RINGO, PAUL, MARK FANG, KEITH *MICK &* HERMAN *WILL BE DOING IT !*

WHY ?

THEY'LL BE IN IT !

pop probe no. 4

KINK RAY DAVIES

!

Here are some first hand reactions from the leader of the Kinks and the man who has composed all their hits, Ray Davies.

FOOTBALL: "Love it—I play every week now with some friends from the satirical magazine "Private Eye." Sometimes the crowd can be more interesting than the match."

"SUNNY AFTERNOON": Just a noise on the radio now. The last in a triology of three which I wrote all together—"Dedicated Follower" and "Well Respected Man" were the others.

SOLO: Sometimes I feel like quitting on the spot—I did last week. If you are going to quit you should do it quickly and instantly like Paul, who left the Yardbirds. When I go I'll go quickly. Maybe I'll just compose.

MICK AVORY: Has a voice like Mr. McGoo—I'm recording him on our next album singing a composition of mine called Lilacs and Daffodils.

ROBER WACE AND GRENVILLE COLLINS: Our managers—public school boys. They don't live by the usual codes. I trust them.

LP SLEEVES: I loathe ours—I'm designing the next one myself which will depict a theatrical mask with the top of the head coming off and from inside butterflies fluttering upwards.

JOHN DALTON: The guy standing in for Pete—he's got tatoos on his tatoos. Nice, really.

FOOD: I like salads and fruit and I hate people who smother salads in ketchup and mayonnaise. I'm particular about what I eat.

NOEL HARRISON: An important musical influence. I believe he influenced the Beatles when they were going through that Continental phase with things like 'Michelle.'

SCOTT WALKER: I think he's a little like me and that means he would hate people talking about him, so I won't.

NAPOLEON: Ha Haa!

PUBLICISTS: "We've got a new one—Alan Mc Dougal. He's good—you should know; you recommended him."

FLYING: "That I dislike."

U.S. TOUR: There are two ways to do it. One is on an exhausting Dick Clark caravan and the other is by doing about three major TVs. I prefer the latter.

PETE TOWNSHEND: Of the Who—I respect his work and he seems to like mine. One of the few people who saw what I was getting at when I wrote "See My Friend."

FRANCE: Unbelieveable organization—mostly bad. Good audiences in Paris.

INTERVIEWS: Prefer not to do those where I know there will be stupid questions like "Do you believe in kissing on the first date?" and 'What do you have for breakfast?'

"END OF SEASON": Song I wrote about a girl who leaves her boyfriend at the end of the cricket season leaving him to play rugby—very sad.

BROTHER DAVE: Very underrated—look out.

who's the mystery monster?

Ten million British ravers saw our Mystery Monster unmask himself on their "Top of The Pops" program. Can you guess who they saw when this Super Star pulled his mad, mad mask off and revealed himself? If you can unmask our Mystery Monster, then you'll be in the raving running for one of his Surprise Pop Prizes!

And, whether you enter this exciting contest or not, be sure to check out the next issue of FLIP, on sale November 11th, to see the Mystery Monster unmasked!

You won't believe your eyes!

SEND TO: MONSTER, FLIP MAGAZINE, 1010 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

You can't fool me! Obviously, The Mystery Monster is .....
If I'm right, here's hoping I'm one of the Pop Prize winners!

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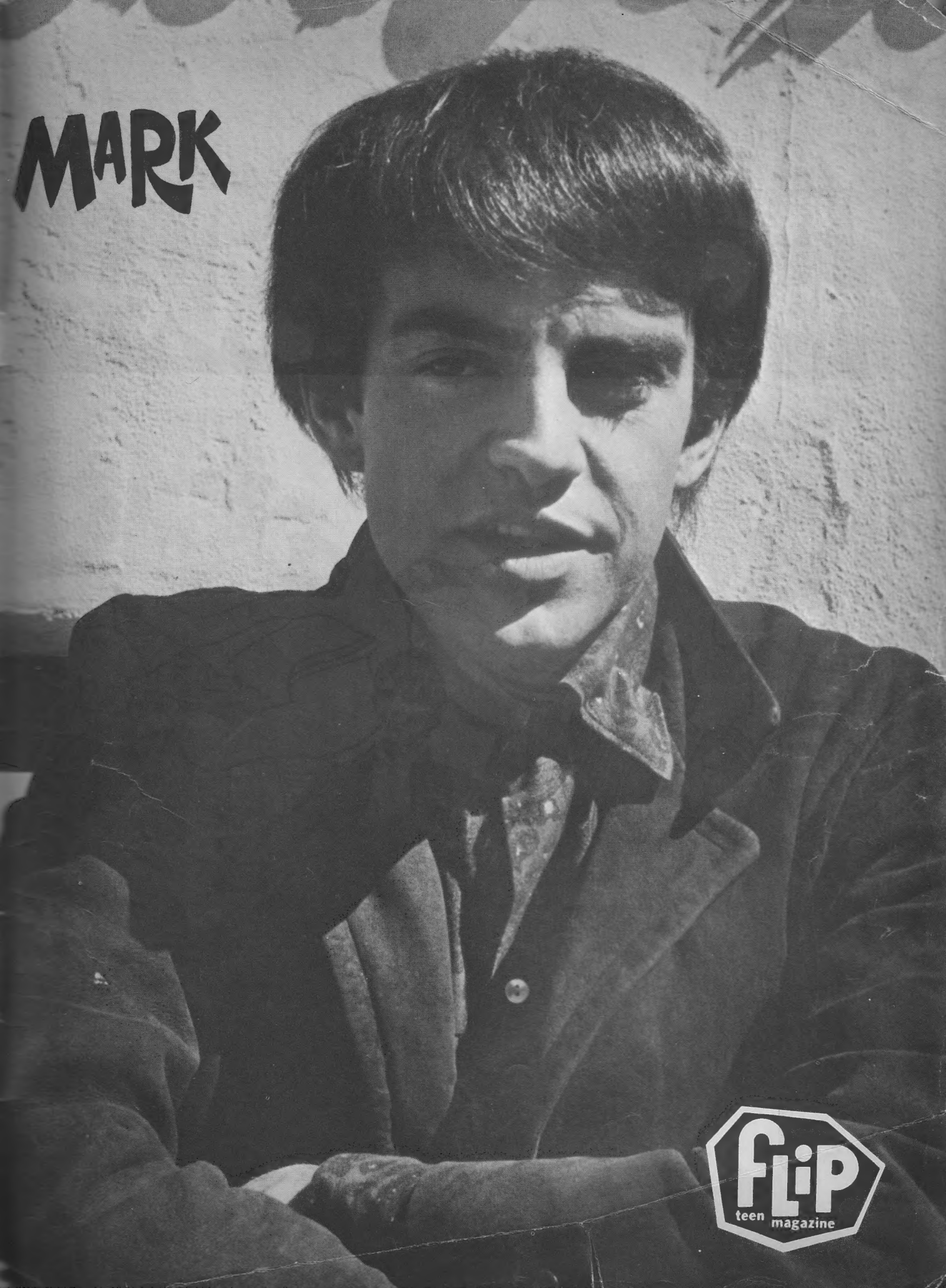
MARK
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teen magazine

SUPER SPEC SCOOPS OF ALL ACTION SIZES AND SHAPES INSIDE!